

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## THE LAST WISH.

THIS is all, is it much, my darling? You  
must follow your path in life,  
Have a head for its complex windings, a hand  
for its sudden strife;  
The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom,  
though my course 'mid them all is o'er,  
I would not that those dear living eyes should  
light in their joy no more;  
Only just for the sake of the happy past, and  
the golden days that have been,  
By the love we have loved, and the hopes we  
have hoped, will you have my grave  
kept green?

Just a moment in the morning, in the eager  
flush of the day,  
To pluck some creeping weed perchance, or  
train the white rose spray;  
Just a moment to shade my violets from the  
glare of the noontide heat,  
Just a tear and a prayer in the gloaming, ere  
you leave me with lingering feet.  
Ah! it is weak and foolish, but I think that in  
God's serene,  
I shall know, and love to know, mine own,  
that you keep my grave so green.

I would fain, when the drops are plashing  
against your window-pane,  
That you should be thinking wistfully of my  
grasses out in the rain;  
That when the winter veil is spread o'er the  
fair white world below,  
Your tender hands twine the holly wreaths  
that mark my rest in the snow.  
My clasp on life and life's rich gifts grows  
faint and cold I ween,  
Yet oh! I would hold it to the last — the  
trust of my grave kept green.

Because it is by such little signs the heart and  
its faith are read;  
Because the natural man must shrink ere he  
joins the forgotten dead;  
The heavenly hope is bright and pure, and  
calm is the heavenly rest,  
Yet the human love clings yearningly to all it  
has prized the best.  
We have been so happy, darling, and the part-  
ing pang is keen,  
Ah! soothe it by this last vow to me — you  
will watch that my grave keeps green?

All The Year Round.

## THE ELF-KING'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Down the merry streamlet dancing,  
Through the flickering shadows glancing,  
Foam about her white feet creaming,  
All her wayward hair out-streaming,  
Laughing on the laughing water,  
Dances down the elf-king's daughter —  
Youngest daughter fair.

All the trees bend low toward her,  
All the rocks are strong to guard her,  
All the little grasses whisper,  
And the low-toned breezes lisp her  
Praises everywhere.

All around the warm air lingers  
Lovingly, the while her fingers,  
With a dainty upward gesture,  
Seem to draw a shade for vesture  
Of her loveliness.

Yet meseems she moves so purely,  
Gliding on her path demurely,  
Looking with clear eyes serenely,  
She were clad not half so queenly  
In a royal dress.

Now she's lightly onward sweeping, —  
Now she stays half-glad, half-fearing,  
O'er the ledge of granite peering,  
Eyes the headlong torrent leaping —  
Eyes far down the sullen boulders,  
While the long locks round her shoulders  
Gather tenderly.

Now with little laugh a-tremble,  
Glad her shrinking to dissemble,  
Flashing through the diamond shower  
With her white feet launched below her,  
And her hair drawn out above her,  
Swift as lady to her lover  
Down the fall goes she.

Now when quiet night has clouded  
All the river broad and stately,  
Down the stream she rides sedately,  
By her soft hair warmly shrouded,  
Lulled by melody.

Down amid the dim trees greeting,  
And the drowsy wheat's repeating,  
Dreaming on the dreaming water  
Floats the elf-king's youngest daughter  
To the dreaming sea.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FRANCE BEFORE THE WAR.

PARIS, October 20, 1875.

IT will not perhaps be altogether useless to give an outline of the situation of the French army at the moment when the late war broke out; for, though important changes have been introduced since into the system which then prevailed, old habits still continue to exist in sufficient force to lead a good many onlookers to imagine that some at least of the same results might be produced again by the same causes. As regards the year 1870, very detailed evidence of both causes and results has been supplied to the world; and though that evidence has been brought forward in a fashion which most Englishmen cannot help deploring, it has, at all events, the merit—for the object which is in view here—of unfolding a complete story of what happened.

No foreign spectator has forgotten that, directly the war was over, the French exhibited a fierce desire to localize the blame of their defeat—to remove it from the people at large, and to allot it specifically to certain persons. There was a hot longing in the air to destroy somebody—a resistless need to select victims as a sacrifice to the national pride; so that, when public punishment had been brought down on a few chosen heads, all the rest of the population might soothingly comfort itself with the conviction that it was proved to be innocent of all participation, direct or indirect, in the faults which had brought about the wreck. The idea which was suggested in certain English newspapers, that the causes of disaster might perhaps be, not exclusively individual, but, to some extent at least, national as well—that they might be, in fact, a result of weaknesses and infirmities proper to the generation as a whole—was contemptuously rejected as preposterous. It was declared to be impossible that so utter a discomfiture could be in any way attributable to reasons common to the entire land; it was asserted, with all the confidence of rage, that it resulted solely from the personal incapacity and folly of a few guilty individuals, and a shout arose that those individuals must be discovered

and convicted. A variety of measures were adopted in consequence of this clamour: the Bazaine trial and the two parliamentary inquiries into the contracts made during the war, and into the proceedings of the government of the 4th of September, were instituted mainly in order to satisfy it; the nation astonished and afflicted Europe by the savage delight which it seemed to take in dragging into daylight all the secrets of its disgrace; and, to make the confession thoroughly complete, nearly all the more important actors in the war wrote books, describing fully their own merits and each other's sins. By these strange means the whole inner history of the preparations for war was laid bare. It was a sad sight for the friends of France; they have mournfully remembered it: but in France itself it really seems to have become almost forgotten; it appears to have half vanished from popular memory and to have left no manifest trace behind it, except, indeed, some unslaked hatreds which are silently biding their time. In one sense, therefore, the tale has become prematurely old; but as, to foreign eyes, the value of its teaching is in no degree diminished by the indifference with which, according to appearances, the mass of the French have now grown to regard it; as, indeed, to our view, that teaching looks, in some respects, to be almost as much needed by them at this present time as it was before the war,—it may be worth while to group together a few of the facts which it presents. The revelations made are, however, so extensive, the questions which they raise are so complicated and so varied, that it would be impossible to consider all their aspects here: the insufficiency of military preparation is the only one at which we propose to look; and though the details of it are scattered through a hundred volumes, it will not be difficult to pick out the more important of them.

But in order to obtain a general view of the material conditions under which France commenced the campaign, it is essential to look back a little and to see what had been passing during the years which preceded 1870. The other wars of

the Second Empire had brought to light so many faults of organization and such incredible disorder of management, that it was scarcely possible to suppose that the government had not attempted to remove some at least of the defects which had been revealed. It was not reasonable to imagine that a system could have been left entirely unchanged which—to refer to one single class of examples only—had allowed 75,000 men to die in the Crimea of disease and privations, while only 20,000 were killed or died of their wounds; which, though of course on a much smaller scale, had reproduced in Lombardy nearly the same proportions of mortality; and which, according to Dr. Champouillon's report, had left badly wounded men so utterly without food during the Solferino campaign that many of them crawled from their beds into the roads in order to beg for bread. And yet it turned out that these "imperfections," as they were gracefully called, had produced no effects at all; that routine had kept things as they were; that no reforms whatever had been enforced or even proposed. The various army services remained exactly in their old condition; the teachings of the Russian, Italian, and Mexican wars were forgotten in victory; the French had conquered; a system which had provided triumph was taken to be, if not faultless, at all events quite good enough, notwithstanding its "imperfections;" and so everything went on unaltered. Indeed, so convinced was France of the ample sufficiency of her military arrangements, that in 1865 the Corps Législatif called for a reduction of the army, and the government did not dare to refuse it, for it was just beginning to struggle out of the fatal expedition to Mexico, which had cost £14,000,000 of confessed outlay, and nobody knew how much more of un-avowed expenses. Considerable diminutions were effected: 2 regiments of heavy cavalry, 32 squadrons of other regiments, and 221 companies of infantry were suppressed; 1,268 officers were put on half-pay. But the very next year the Sadowa campaign occurred; France woke up abruptly to a sense of impending danger; victory ceased suddenly to seem a certain-

ty; a universal feeling jumped into existence that the army was not strong enough, and that immediate measures must be taken to increase it. It was not generally imagined that the entire military organization of the country needed to be changed—that unsatisfactory conviction was, at that time, limited to a few wise men; but everybody became convinced that the number of soldiers must be instantly doubled. Yet notwithstanding the unanimity of this feeling, a strange delay occurred; the emperor and his advisers could not agree between themselves as to the plan to be adopted; they disputed over it so long that it was not until nearly eighteen months after Sadowa that *Maréchal Niel*, at that moment minister of war, was ready to bring forward his bill for enlarging the army; and that bill, which was waited for so long, was limited to the creation of the *Garde Mobile*. And then, as if it wished to proclaim to Europe that, in the eyes of France, number was everything in war and organization nothing, the Chamber refused to allow the minister to drill this new *Mobile* for so exorbitant a period as eight days at a time as he proposed; it reduced the periods of instruction to twelve hours, thinking, apparently, that as every Frenchman was born a soldier, that length of teaching was quite sufficient for him. And the minister bowed down his head before this childish folly, and told the Chamber that, though it really was a pity to so restrict the education of men who knew absolutely nothing, he would do what he could all the same: "it is for this reason," he added, "that I see with less regret the suppression of the eight days of drill, and I add that, without them, we will do the best we possibly can." In this prodigious fashion was established the new force which was to render France a match for Germany! From that time forth the *Garde Mobile* was counted as representing some 500,000 available soldiers.

*Maréchal Niel* did, however, make an effort to introduce a few small improvements into the active army; unfortunately the effort did not last—he died in 1869; and though after the appearance of General *Trochu's* celebrated book in



1867, a commission had been appointed to select a new system of infantry manœuvres fitted to the changes which had arisen in the art of war, that commission, of course, declared in substance that no modifications were required, and things were kept as they were before.

The result was that in 1870 the French army was virtually in the same condition as in 1850; it had learnt absolutely nothing whatever; the one single novelty which had been introduced into it — the formation of the Garde Mobile — was an utter illusion; it was no more ready for a serious campaign than a sick schoolgirl is ready to go up the Matterhorn. Two illustrations of its general state of organization may usefully be given before we begin to describe what happened when the war broke out. They are taken almost at hazard, amongst fifty others of the same kind.

M. Blondeau, intendant-general, stated in his evidence before one of the parliamentary commissions, that the waggons of the trains were all kept parked at Vernon; that when he went there in 1868 he observed that there were about 8,000 vehicles in the enclosure; that they all had to be got out one by one through a single gateway; that, consequently, a very long time would be required for the purpose; and that he believed the officer in charge of the park had made a calculation showing that the operation would last for eight months. This means that the officer in question knew perfectly that the vehicles intrusted to him could not possibly be employed in the event of sudden war; but that, instead of informing his superiors of the fact, he contented himself with privately working out a sum which showed arithmetically the utter uselessness of the whole thing. If this officer had been asked why he did not inform the ministry of the impossibility of getting the carts horsed and taken away, he would most certainly have replied that ten or twenty times in the course of his career he had ventured to point out abuses to his chiefs; that some of those gentlemen had simply shrugged their shoulders with indifference; but that others, less gentle in their views of the proper atti-

tude of a subordinate, had given him to understand that if he made complaints his promotion would be delayed. It should be added, however, that, thanks to M. Blondeau's visit, the condition of this park was altered before 1870.

The second example is so curious and complete that we will state it in the words of the report. M. de la Valette, another intendant, said that — "In 1867, at Strasburg, we were speculating on the possibility of a war; an idea of war was in the air, and it was natural that we should think about it on the frontier, for, even at that time, it was felt that the nationality of the district might depend upon the issue of a war. General Ducrot then commanded the division; and as he felt most deeply the apprehensions to which I allude, we frequently talked over the measures to be taken in order to provide Strasburg with supplies for either aggressive or defensive action. In 1868 I drew up a statement showing what was indispensable for an army of 30,000 men, indicating what we had in store at the time, pointing out the useless articles which might be removed in order to make room, and enumerating what was wanted to make up a complete assortment. I had given a copy of this statement to the inspector-general in 1868; I gave a second copy of it to the intendant-general in 1869.

"Our fears increased; we found that the inhabitants of the opposite bank of the Rhine were convinced that war was coming. I therefore examined my calculations over again; I increased them so that they might serve for a corps of 50,000 men, and I took them to General Ducrot, asking him what he thought about them. I told him that, on two separate occasions, I had communicated my views to the representatives of the ministry of war, that I had arrived at no result whatever, and I proposed to give him another copy, for him to send to the ministry through General de Failly, who at that time commanded at Nancy. I added that if the minister saw the same statement come before him through two different channels, he would perhaps imagine that there was something in it. Soon afterwards I went myself to Paris; I saw

there M. Blondeau, chief of the intendance of the army, who spoke to me in a tone which proved how little he knew of the truth. He said, that if my impressions and those of General Ducrot were correct, it followed that the minister of war was the only person who was ignorant of the facts of the case; for if they really were as I supposed, the minister would certainly have spoken to him about them. That was conclusive; there was nothing more to be said. As I was leaving M. Blondeau, he observed that I did not seem to be satisfied. I answered that, even if General Ducrot and I exaggerated the dangers of the situation, it was painful for me to return to Strasburg without having obtained anything whatever."

Then appeared General Ducrot, who gave the commission the following information:—"I commanded the Strasburg division for five years. When I first arrived there I wished to know what was in store, for there were large magazines full of objects. I found 2,000 cannon, of which about 400 or 500 were fit for use. All the others were old bronze. There were stone cannon-balls of the time of Louis XIV., and an enormous quantity of flint-muskets. I wrote at once (in 1865) to the minister of war, calling his attention to the fact that all this was very much out of place in a frontier fortress, and asking that the useless objects should be transported into the interior of France, that they should be replaced by serviceable stores, and that the cannon should be put on carriages. I found that we had cooking-pots for 2000 men and water-flasks for 15,000, and so on with everything else. Many absolutely indispensable articles were altogether wanting. There were no halters or picket-ropes for horses; but there was black cloth enough to dress more than 100,000 men.

"I wrote to the minister that all this was inadmissible, and I insisted on the necessity of relieving us of our useless stock and of sending us what we needed. I talked about it all to M. de la Valette, who was then my intendant. He drew up a statement of what was wanted for a corps of 30,000 men, with a reserve of 10,000, showing exactly what we had in excess and what we had not got at all. We verified this statement together, and I sent a copy of it to M. Blondeau. I remember particularly that we required 144 wagons, and that we had only 18; and I begged M. Blondeau to remedy this at once. He replied by a polite letter, say-

ing that he recognized the justice of my observations, and that he would attend to them. Soon afterwards M. de la Valette informed me that he too had written, but with no result; and he asked me to communicate officially with General de Failly, who commanded the *corps d'armée*, saying that he (La Valette) would do the same to the ministry of war. This was done. I got a reply stating that before wagons could be sent to us it was necessary to see if we could provide shelter for them. There the matter remained until the war broke out. I had spent five years in asking uselessly for indispensable objects."

These two stories supply good illustrations of what was manifestly the general condition of the French army. The ministry was convinced that its management was excellent; it would listen to no complaints, it would follow no advice; it calmly continued its habits and traditions, the essential principle of which was to leave things as they were.

After this indication of the situation during the period which preceded the war, we will now give details of what occurred at the moment when the war began.

As regards the numerical force of the army, which is naturally the first question to consider, no absolutely exact data are obtainable. The various official statements which have been published are not only incomplete, but disagree frequently with each other. It is, however, quite possible to group the figures according to the seeming probabilities of the case, and so arrive at an approximative result. The nominal peace footing was 400,000 men, and the reserve of the active army stood at 165,000; so that, on this showing, there ought to have been 565,000 men immediately disposable. But the very first thing we discover is, that the 400,000 men who were counted in the budget were not under the colours; and, though it is not possible to determine with precision the number who really were there, we shall find good reason for presuming that, on 15th July 1870, it could not have exceeded 300,000 altogether—the other 100,000 having evidently been sent away on leave, so as to economize their pay and rations. It is true that, at the plebiscite of the 8th of May, 330,000 soldiers had apparently voted in France and Algeria; but it will be seen directly that we cannot find that number in July. It is therefore probable that, directly after the plebiscite, 30,000 more men were sent home, in addition to the 70,000 who were already evidently absent in May. These figures do not pre-

tend to be strictly exact; but as to the main fact that the effective force of the French army had been reduced to a very low ebb indeed in the summer of 1870, no doubt is possible; for General de Palikao, who was minister of war from 10th August to 4th September 1870, uses the following words in his book, "*Un Ministère de Vingt-quatre Jours*." In speaking of the plebiscite he says: "The result of this political act was to show Europe that the total number of men present in our army was only 250,000." This figure is, however, too low, and was used probably as expressing the number of fighting men, after deducting the non-combatants. Still, reduced as the army was in fact, the theoretical number of disposable men stood, as we have said, at 565,000. Let us see what this produced in reality on the outbreak of war.

In his evidence before the commission of the Chamber, Maréchal le Bœuf put in a written statement, from which it results that, on the 2d of August, the entire army of the Rhine, including the troops of M'Mahon, and even the corps of Canrobert, which was not then really formed, amounted to 244,000 men; and that figure is confirmed by General Frossard in his book on the operations of the corps which he commanded. But this included, necessarily, such of the men on leave, and such of the reservists, as had had time to reach their regiments since they were called out on the 14th of July, nineteen days before. It may be guessed, under all the circumstances, that the men of these two classes who had managed to join their corps by the 2d of August must have represented somewhere about 44,000; so that, if that estimate be correct, the number of men of the Rhine army who were with the colours before the war was about 200,000. If the number of leave-men and reservists exceeded 44,000, then the 200,000 must of course, be proportionately diminished, which would make the previous situation worse still; for it appears in the evidence that all the other troops in France, in Algeria, and at Civita Vecchia, irrespective of those incorporated in the army of the Rhine, did not, on or about the 20th of July, exceed 93,000, made up as follows:—

Eleven regiments of the line, . . .	14,500 men.
Three battalions of African infantry, . . .	2,500 "
Eight regiments of cavalry, . . .	6,000 "
The part of Canrobert's corps which had remained at Chalons, . . .	10,000 "

And the depots, which are put at about . . . 60,000 men.  
So giving a general total of . . . 93,000 "

Consequently, we can only discover, altogether, about 293,000 men (which we have previously put roundly at 300,000) as having been under arms before the declaration of war, instead of the 400,000 voted in the budget.

To this original basis of 293,000 men we have now to add the 107,000 who (to make up 400,000) must evidently have been on leave, and also the 165,000 of the reserve. The former were of course soldiers, but the same cannot possibly be said of the latter. All the reservists, it is true, had been in the army, and had consequently received a military education; but since they had finished their term they had never been called out for exercise, and scarcely any of them had ever seen a chassepot, for that arm had been introduced into the service after the greater part of them had left it. Furthermore, most of them considered themselves to be virtually freed from any further obligations towards their country; and it was proved by thousands of lamentable examples, that it was not with any lively feeling of discipline or duty that they found themselves called upon to rejoin. It is worth while to quote one instance out of many, of the disorder which reigned amongst them. We will take it from an interesting book on the action of the railways during the war, which has been published by M. Jacquemin, manager of the Eastern Company. He says: "From the third or fourth day (after the declaration of war), our stations, like those of every line in France, were encumbered with soldiers of the reserve belonging to every regiment in the army; they were grouped by the district intendants under the orders of non-commissioned officers, but the latter had no authority over their detachments, and knew nothing of the men who composed them. The result was that men kept dropping off on the way, and that these isolated soldiers soon formed a floating mass which wandered about the roads and railway stations, living at the cost of any charitable persons they could find, but never reaching their corps. At the end of August the station at Reims had to be defended against an attempt at pillage made by a band of 4,000 or 5,000 of these men, who had given up all idea of joining their regiments." It is fair, however, to add that, in many cases, these

men had to go enormous distances to join; several regiments were more than 400 miles from their depots, to which all the men had to go in the first instance; and General Vinoy quotes, in his book, as a specimen of the organization which prevailed, the famous story of the Zouaves who were sent to Algeria to get their uniforms and then brought back to France to fight. He says: "In the war of 1870, reserve men belonging to the regiments of Zouaves, but residing in the northern departments, had to cross the whole of France and to embark at Marseilles in order to get themselves armed and equipped at Coleah, Oran, or Philippeville, and then come back to their corps at the point whence they had started. They travelled 1,300 miles by railway, and crossed the Mediterranean twice." Another tale, of exactly the same kind, was related by M. Blondeau in his evidence. He said that by far the greater part of the reserves of *infirmiers* and of workmen required for the army belonged to sections of those services which had their depots in Algeria; that when the war broke out he entreated that these men might be sent direct to the army of the Rhine, where they were most urgently required; that he was told in reply that such an arrangement would be "too complicated," and that the men must go according to rule; and that, in fact, a very large number of them (nearly 3,000 apparently, though, as the statement is rather confused, that figure may be incorrect) were embarked at Toulon and sent to Africa because routine required it.

Between the want of discipline of the men and the disorder of the management, the incorporation of the reserves went on with extraordinary slowness; indeed, we have just supplied evidence enough of that slowness by showing that the number of those who had joined the army of the Rhine on the 2d August, nineteen days after they were called out, could not probably have exceeded 44,000. Now, according to a document emanating from the minister of war, 163,000 reservists were started off to their regiments between the 18th and 28th of July; and we must necessarily suppose that the 107,000 men whom we imagine to have been on leave were also on their way to join, so making 270,000 men in all who were travelling to their destinations during the second fortnight of July. If, therefore, we are right in our computation, that only 44,000 of them had reached the army of the Rhine on the 2d of August, it follows

that the remaining 226,000 must have been at that date either at the depots of their regiments, or else on the roadsides all over France. Of course it is not possible to say how many of them had got to their depôts; but there is good reason for believing that the number who were wandering along the highways and round the railway-stations was enormous, for all the histories and reports are full of lamentations on the subject. The majority of these 226,000 men were utilized afterwards, that is evident; but there is no exaggeration in presuming that, during July and part of August, at least 100,000 of them were straying about the country living on public charity.

This is indeed a frightful story, and it would be impossible to believe it if it were not told, directly or indirectly, by the numerous French witnesses on the subject. It is so sad and strange that it is worth while to resume it in one sentence, and to repeat once more, that at the moment when the war broke out, the French army consisted nominally of 400,000 men, of whom about 107,000 appear, according to the probabilities of the case, to have been absent on leave, the remaining 293,000 being present with the colours; that when these 107,000 men, and also the 163,000 men of the reserve, were ordered to join, only 44,000 of the two classes (which numbered together 270,000) had reached the army of the Rhine in nineteen days; and that, of the remaining 226,000, one-half may be presumed to have got to their depôts or their regiments elsewhere than in the Rhine army, while the other half continued to wander about France without any apparent intention of joining voluntarily at all.

We get next to the Garde Mobile. When war was declared it existed on paper only. It is true that, in 1869, a little drilling of the Parisians belonging to it had taken place; but the experiment had given the worst possible results; the men had behaved disgracefully, and the attempt had been abandoned. A slight commencement of organization had also been sketched out in the eastern departments; but when *Maréchal le Bœuf* became minister of war in 1869, he had suspended the further preparation and instruction of the men, on the ground that he did not believe there was the slightest use in it. It may therefore be observed, before we pass on, that *Maréchal le Bœuf* appears to have intended to fight Germany with nothing but the 565,000 men of the regular army and its reserve. The nominal effective of the



Garde Mobile stood originally at 500,000, as we have stated; in 1870 it was given officially at 420,000, but it does not appear that even 20,000 men thereof had been really utilized at the end of August. Such of its members as had been called up at that date were exclusively in the eastern fortresses; for it is not possible to count the Parisian battalions which conducted themselves at Chalons in such a fashion that they had to be recalled to Paris as being not only useless, but dangerous.

From all these figures it results that the whole nominal force of the French army, regular troops, reserves, and Mobiles included, amounted to about 985,000 men; and Maréchal le Bœuf has stated in his evidence that, out of this general total, 567,000 really serviceable men could be relied upon; but, if we allow for the sick and the non-combatant services, which would represent on this latter total 74,500 men, and also for the *gendarmérie* and the troops absolutely required in the interior and in Algeria, the number to be so deducted may be put altogether at 130,000. There would therefore remain only 437,000 men to bring into line, from which again we must deduct the number of the reservists who did not join. So that, whichever way we turn the question, it seems indisputable that the total forces of every kind which could be seriously employed against the enemy at the first commencement of the campaign could not have much exceeded 300,000 fighting men, only five-sixths of whom were on the frontier. It should be repeated that these figures cannot be absolutely relied upon, for some of them are hypothetical and the rest are extracted from a mass of contradictory official evidence; they seem, however, to present a reasonable appearance of truth.

The *matériel* was in an even worse state than the men. General Suzanne, who, in 1870, was director of *matériel* at the ministry of war, informed the parliamentary commission that, when the war broke out, France possessed 21,000 cannons, of which 10,000 were field-pieces. So she did; but, unfortunately, these numbers included, as Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier observed in his speech to the commission on 13th June 1873, "cannons of the time of Louis XIV., and the artillery of Gribeauval;" all the old smooth-bore guns were also counted in it as forming part of the disposable armament. Furthermore, though there really were 4,000 rifled field-guns, only 2,376 of them possessed carriages and limbers; the others were all lying on the ground. And even

this reduced quantity could not be utilized, for the number of horses required for them was 51,548, with a corresponding supply of harness; so that, as only 31,904 horses were forthcoming, it was not possible to send more than 150 batteries (900 guns) to the army of the Rhine; and even this number included mitrailleuses, so cutting down the cannon, properly so called, to 850. As, however, we have shown that the army of the Rhine was limited to 244,000 men, it follows, after all, that, in consequence of its numerical weakness, the theoretical number of four guns to each 1,000 men was really reached. It should be added that there was harness for 47,000 horses; it was therefore found possible, by making limbers and buying horses, to turn out eighty more batteries by the latter half of August, just in time to send them to Sedan to be taken by the Prussians.

The story of the muskets is of the same nature. The official reports showed that there were 3,350,000 of them in hand on 1st July 1870, and it was argued that, with so vast a supply, an army of 900,000 men would fight for several months. But it turned out that only one million of those muskets were chassepots, that 1,750,000 of them were percussion-guns, and that the rest were modified Miniés (*tabatières*). As an example of the fashion in which these arsenal statements were made up, it may be mentioned that 57,000 of those very guns had been sold as old iron, for six shillings each, and were in process of delivery to the buyer; but they continued to be counted as available for service in the event of war! The result was that, after the first month, there were virtually no chassepots left, and that the contest had to be carried on with such inferior weapons of varied types as it was found possible to make or buy.

The stock of ammunition was so insufficient that only about 120 cartridges existed for each chassepot: in the very first battles of the campaign the supply was exhausted, and special manufactures had to be set up.

As for uniforms and kits, it was supposed that far more than enough were in store; but they ran short immediately, and contracts for every sort of article had to be made in all directions before the month of August was half over.

Of food it may be said that scarcely anything was ready. There were 38,500,000 of biscuit-rations for the army, but no stocks had been laid up in the fortresses; in Metz, for instance, according to the evidence, there was a quantity of corn and



flour, and some bacon, but neither rice, coffee, salt, nor wine.

The telegrams sent by the various commanders reveal the state of the supplies at the very commencement. On 19th July, General de Failly telegraphed: "I have nothing—not even money; we require supplies of every kind." On the 24th the intendant of the 5th division telegraphed: "Metz, which supplies the 3d, 4th, and 5th corps, has no more biscuit or oats." The same day the intendant of the 3d corps says: "The 3d corps leaves Metz to-morrow: I have no *infirmiers*, no workmen, no ambulance-waggons, no field-ovens, no carts, and not one intendant in two divisions." On the 25th July, the sous-intendant at Mézières sent word: "There is neither biscuit nor salt-meat to-day at Mézières or Sedan." On the 28th, Maréchal le Bœuf telegraphed: "We cannot march for want of biscuit." On the 29th, General Ducrot telegraphed to Strasburg, from Reichshoffen, where he was with his division: "The question of food is becoming more and more grave; the intendant gives us absolutely nothing; everything is eaten up around us." And all this, let it be borne in mind, took place in France itself, with the bases of supplies close to the army, and before one battle had been fought.

The same disorder existed in the fortresses; not one of them was in a state of defence. We have already described the state of Strasburg; the Bazaine trial has shown the condition of Metz; the construction of the outlying forts there was scarcely commenced; at Belfort nothing was done until two or three months after the declaration of war: Toul, a most important strategic point, was not armed. In Paris the state of things was almost worse; the forts contained one guardian each; not a gun was in battery in them.

Whichever way we look through this long, saddening testimony, the story is the same. M. Wolf, intendant of M'Mahon's corps, says that there were no orders and no plans; that, though the railway company could carry nearly all that was required, it could not, for want of men, unload the waggons when they arrived at their destination, and that the unloading had to be done by the troops; that it often happened that a mile of waggons stood for a week full of objects which were most urgently required, because it was impossible to discharge them. Everybody declares that there were no ambulances, no hospitals, and no nurses; and that if it had not been for private charity and for the

society for helping the wounded, the men would have been left to die where they dropped. But let it be remembered that, while all this was happening in Alsace, hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of hospital attendants and army-workmen were at that very moment on their way to Africa, in obedience to routine. General Ducrot says that, before his division quitted Strasburg, he applied for permission to leave the shakos of the men in store there; that the ministry of war had not dared to consent to so bold a measure; and that, in consequence, as his men preferred to fight with their *képis*, they flung their shakos into the ditches to get rid of them, and that they "became the playthings of all the boys in Alsace," who picked them up on the roadsides. In many of the regiments the men had no spare needles for their chassepots; "no one knew how to fire a mitrailleuse, except one officer; a few shots, with powder, were fired from them before starting, so as to see how 'these machines' were to be employed." The cavalry was organized on five different bases between 15th July and 15th August; it often happened that regiments and even divisions of cavalry were annexed to divisions of infantry; the plans and projects varied every day, and sometimes several times each day, as is proved by the orders and counter-orders which were telegraphed to Paris as to the supplies of food to be sent by rail to the army.

Such is, in all truth and fairness, with no exaggeration, and with no selection of exceptionally bad facts, the story told by the witnesses. Such was the state of the French army at the commencement of the campaign—such was the practical effect produced by the "system" of military management which was then in force in France.

This was the condition of things down to the 10th of August. On that day the Ollivier government was turned out and the Palikao ministry came in. The first stage of the story ends there. On the 10th of August the Germans were streaming across the Saar and through the Vosges and were close to Metz, where the larger part of the army of the Rhine was waiting to be shut up; the rest of it had been defeated and had fallen back on Chalons. A new army was required, with new arms and new stores. Then the second series of preparations commenced. General de Palikao says in his book that he provided "a reconstituted army of 140,000 men, at Chalons; that he got

together three other *corps d'armée* (including thirty-three new regiments), with their armament, their artillery, and their supplies; that he organized 100,000 Mobs in the provinces, and brought them up to aid in the defence of Paris; that he placed Paris in a state of defence; that he armed the forts; and that he did all this between the 10th of August and the 4th September." If really he did all this, then the situation on the 10th of August could not have been so bad as it looked: but, in fact, he did nothing of the kind. The truth about his administration is as follows.

The 1st corps (M'Mahon), the 5th (De Failly), and the 7th (Douay), which had been organized at the beginning of the war, had retreated, after the battle of Woerth, towards Chalons, and all that the ministry of war had to do for them was to send them the men and supplies which they required. The 12th corps, which was added to them at Chalons, was mainly composed of infantry of marine, completely organized. Furthermore, several regiments belonging to the 6th corps at Metz had not been able to join it, and had been sent to Chalons. So far General de Palikao had only to direct—he had nothing to create; and even as regards the new 13th corps (Vinoy), he did not do much more, for that corps consisted of the garrison of Civita Vecchia, which had been recalled in all haste, and of new regiments made up out of the depots and reservists. All these troops existed; they had but to be grouped together. The 14th corps was nowhere, even on the 4th of September; it did not acquire a form until a later period. The 100,000 Mobs called into Paris were neither armed nor equipped; it was during the month of September that their percussion-muskets were exchanged for breech-loaders, and that cloth uniforms were made to replace their cotton trousers and blouses. It is true that the fortifications of Paris were hurried into condition by General de Palikao; but there was so much to be done to them, that when the Prussians reached Paris on the 19th of September, the place might still have been taken by a *coup de main*.

In reality General de Palikao utilized the *débris* of the defeated armies, emptied the depots, collected the reservists, and got out the last muskets which had been overlooked in the magazines, and the cannon for which no horses had been forthcoming at the beginning. As for providing fresh arms, it is evident from his own book that he did not do so, for he states

that he only bought 38,000 rifles while he was minister. Still, though he did a vast deal less than he claims to have done, he deserves praise for having shown energy and resolution in a desperate position, and for doing probably the best that could be done with the pre-existing materials at his disposal.

One only of the members of the ministry of the 10th of August dared to innovate, and to inaugurate the system of contempt for rules and routine which was to be so vigorously carried out by the government of the 4th of September. M. Clément Duvernois, minister of commerce, spent £8,000,000 in a fortnight in buying food for Paris. He did this, of course, with much disorder; but he did it, and by doing so, he rendered an enormous service to his country, for it was solely in consequence of his work that Paris was enabled to stand a siege of four and one-half months. And here it may be worth while to mention a curious fact which does not seem to have ever become generally known. All this tremendous effort to fill Paris with food, though carried out with the utmost publicity, was completed without one word of it reaching the ears of the Germans. Here is the proof thereof. The crown-prince of Prussia arrived at Versailles on the evening of the 20th September. The next morning, while walking in the picture-galleries of the palace, he met Mr. W. H. Russell; with Mr. Russell was an Englishman who had left Paris three days before, and it was from that Englishman that the crown-prince learnt for the first time, with much astonishment and some incredulity, that Paris had been supplied with food and would stand a siege. The prince immediately called General von Blumenthal, his chief of the staff, and told him this unexpected and disappointing news. The German army arrived round Paris with the conviction that the city could not resist, and that they would take it at once. The siege was a painful surprise to them. It was through the energy of M. Clément Duvernois, and through his contempt for rules, that they were kept outside till February. Unfortunately for M. Duvernois, he has since shown his contempt for rules in another manner; he is now undergoing two years' imprisonment for frauds committed in the management of a company of which he became a director after the war.

We now reach the third phase of the war preparations. On the 4th of September all real hope had disappeared; France

was beaten; she had no army left; half her troops had been taken at Sedan, the other half were blocked up in Metz. Scarcely any old soldiers remained excepting a part of Vinoy's corps, which had been unable to reach Sedan and had come back to Paris; the arsenals were empty; the situation was desperate. But then, when it had become manifestly useless to go on fighting, a series of efforts was made which, though they came too late to win back victory, proved at all events that, even after routine had destroyed all chances of success, something could still be attempted by strong will and vigour.

Here, however, the subject changes its character. Thus far we have been describing results attained by the ministry of war, by the official military system under which France had been managed during the preceding twenty years. We now arrive at the moment when professional direction was replaced by civil direction, when the ministry of war disappeared as a motive power. But at the same date the preparations for defence became divided into two parts, so entirely distinct from each other, that we must cease to regard the work done as a whole, and must look separately at what was effected in Paris and what was effected in the provinces. We will take Paris first.

In Paris there were men enough, in all conscience, to create an immense army; there were, indeed, a vast deal too many of them, for the 100,000 Mables, added to the regular troops who had re-entered Paris, absorbed all the really serviceable arms and accoutrements that could at first be provided, and rendered it impossible, for that reason, to make any immediate use of the inhabitants. And here it may be observed that, if the law enrolling all men under thirty-five years of age had been practically enforced in Paris, the Mables could have been left in the country, and would have formed another army there. The number of soldiers available in Paris, at the commencement of the siege, appears to have been as follows:

Regular troops, . . . .	135,000
Gendarmes, . . . .	6,000
Mables, . . . .	116,000
Sailors, . . . .	11,000
Custom-house and Forest Guards, . .	6,000
Total, . . . .	274,000

The regular troops were composed (in addition to Vinoy's corps) of the elements of the unformed 14th corps, and of

a large number of the conscripts of 1870, who had just been called out. There were, in addition to this large force, about 12,000 francs-tireurs, and 266 battalions of National Guards, whose exact number was never known, but who may be roughly estimated at about 300,000 men. It is generally believed that about 120,000 of the latter might really have been made into soldiers, but it was not till the end of November that the slightest attempt was made to utilize them. The total number of men of all kinds under arms in Paris was therefore about 586,000, and that vast mass allowed itself to be shut in, on the 19th September, by a German army which, at that date, did not include more than 120,000 fighting men, and which had to guard a circle of fifty miles!

The details of the armament which had been got into Paris were as follows. The cannon for the forts had been brought up at the beginning of August; 549 tons of powder were ready, but there were no loaded projectiles, and the cannon for the fortifications themselves were still in the country. On the 8th, Paris was declared in a state of siege; and in four days, by working very hard, 525 guns were got into their places on the ramparts. Ammunition was brought up in large quantities; the marine arsenals supplied 228 rifled cannon of very large size, with ammunition for 200 shots for each of them. On the 25th of August there were 1,700 tons of powder in Paris; the tobacco-works were turned into a cartridge-factory, and private contracts were made for projectiles of all sorts. On the 3d September, 703 cannon were in battery in the forts of Paris and St. Denis, and the forts were largely supplied with ammunition. As regards muskets, there are no exact returns; but it is known that 280,000, of different types, had been issued to the National Guard by the end of September; that 153,000 were delivered to the Germans after the siege by the regular troops and Mables; and that about 25,000 more were retained by the troops who were not disarmed: but the total thus indicated is certainly much inferior to the reality. Of field-guns there were a large quantity; the army had 93 batteries, the sailors 16, the Garde Mobile 15, and the National Guard 9. On this showing there were 798 field-guns, 602 of which were handed over to the Germans.

A considerable number of these field-guns were made in Paris during the siege, and a large quantity of muzzle-loading muskets were simultaneously converted

into breech-loaders. One manufactory of sewing-machines transformed 50,000.

Finally, as regards food, the position was as follows:—

The "*Bulletin de la Municipalité de Paris*" of 26th September 1870 stated that the stock of flour which had been got in before the investment amounted to 45,700 tons; so that, as the consumption each day was about 700 tons, it was calculated that the place could hold out for sixty-four days. But, very luckily, this estimate was far under the reality. It turned out that Paris contained much more flour than was supposed, and that there was in reality enough for 131 days; so that, allowing for diminutions which were afterwards effected in the daily rate of eating by putting the population on reduced rations, it is evident that the real quantity of flour in hand at the origin must have been nearly 90,000 tons; and that quantity does not include either the supply for the troops or the provision laid in by private persons. Meat appears to have been furnished by 24,000 bullocks, 150,000 sheep, 6,000 pigs—all got in by M. Duvernois—and 60,000 horses. It should, however, be added, that none of these figures can be regarded as positively exact: they are probably tolerably near the truth; but as no official statistics have ever been published on the subject, they are only put forward here as estimates based on such information as it has been found possible to collect.

But all these preparations, after all, were as nothing compared with the astonishing efforts which were made in the provinces. In Paris the will to struggle usefully, if, indeed, it really did exist at all, was manifestly paralyzed by the incompetence of the military direction which continued to prevail there: but in the provinces the entire power was exclusively in the hands of civilians; and what they did, though useless and in wild disorder, was altogether amazing under the circumstances. Notwithstanding the exhaustion of the country, there still remained some scattered forces to collect. By the 16th September a hundred companies were formed out of the remnants of each of the regimental depots. The best of the Mobs were collected into regiments and brigades. Three line regiments which had been left in Algeria were brought over. With these troops the 15th corps was created, which became afterwards the nucleus of the army of the Loire. All the Mobs of the south and centre were called up. A separate group of 13,000

men was got together at Rouen under General Gudin, and another of 4,000 men at Evreux under General Delarue. At Chartres and Amiens other groups were formed; and an army of 20,000 men grew up at Le Mans. In the eastern departments Cambriels rallied 5,000 or 6,000 stragglers; and in addition to all this, the formation of a 16th corps was commenced at Tours.

But all these agglomerations were of no real military value; most of the men who composed them were raw labourers, who were armed with percussion-muskets pending the arrival of breech-loaders from abroad. Indeed, if we are to judge by the evidence of General Lefort, who was, at the commencement, secretary-general of the ministry of war at Tours, no very clear idea seems to have existed at first as to the possibility of using any of these men. He said to the commission, "I ought to tell you that, when we began the organization of the 16th corps, I did not really expect that it would be called upon to take any part in military operations. Under that impression I observed to the minister of war (Crémieux), that, though this new army was perhaps not destined to really act, I regarded its formation as indispensable, for the sake of the considerable moral effect that it might have not only on the defenders of Paris, but also on the population of the south and centre, who would feel that there was a French army between them and the Germans."

On the 9th October, however, a different spirit was thrown into the work. On that day M. Gambetta arrived from Paris and put an end to the ridiculous follies of M. Crémieux and M. Glais Bizoin, who were disputing which of them should be minister of war. The new dictator knew no more about the matter than they did, but, at all events, he was young and fiercely energetic. His first act was to call to his aid a man whose acts have been judged with much diversity of opinion—M. de Freycinet—who became, in reality, minister of war at Tours. This gentleman was an engineer of the imperial corps of mines, and it was he who, under the title of "*député à la guerre*," managed all the details of military organization at Tours and Bordeaux. The second act of M. Gambetta was to suspend the laws relative to promotion, and to decree that extraordinary promotion might be granted either for supposed capacity or for services rendered, and that military grades could also be bestowed on persons who were not in the army.



At the same date the formation of an auxiliary army, to be composed of Mobiles, National Guards, and francs-tireurs, was decreed. This new army was assimilated in every respect to the regular army, so as to be capable of being amalgamated with it at any moment. Furthermore, all the departments within sixty miles of the enemy were declared to be in a state of war; a committee composed of officers and civil engineers was formed in each of them in order to fortify the department.

On the 3d of November, each department was called upon to provide, within two months, as many batteries as it contained 100,000 inhabitants. All francs-tireurs were ordered to become part of the army in the territory where they might happen to be; every man under forty years of age was called out; camps were formed for concentration and instruction; an intelligence department was established in the war-ministry; civil engineer and civil commissariat services were organized; horses were collected. During November and December seven new *corps d'armée* were formed, each of them composed of about 30,000 men. But of course these corps were virtually useless; it could not indeed be otherwise. To give one example of the fashion in which they were set going, it is worth while to quote a letter which was written by M. de Freycinet to Captain Jaurès of the navy, when the latter was named general of the 21st corps. This letter has never been published, but it well merits to be known for the sake of the strange picture which it presents. It said:—

"You are appointed general of brigade in the auxiliary army, and are intrusted with the command of the troops who were formerly under the orders of General Fierreck, with whom you will immediately make arrangements. You will also make arrangements with Colonel Rousseau, who will become your chief of the staff. You will eliminate from the troops of whom I have just spoken all the men belonging to the 16th and 18th corps, and you will send them to their respective chiefs. With the remainder, and with the Mobiles that you may be able to get together, you will form a *corps d'armée* of forty or fifty thousand men, in three divisions, which will be called the 21st corps, and which you will command.

"You will form your artillery yourself, so as to have eighteen batteries, if you can. You will also form your proper quantity of cavalry, unless, indeed, it be impossible to

do so, in which case we will try to help you. For the organization of your corps in *matériel*, we will give you the necessary powers for making requisitions in the departments of the Manche, Calvados, Orne, Sarthe, Mayenne, Eure et Loir, and Eure. Go on, then. Form your *cadres* yourself; if you want a few officers we will give them to you; but do your utmost to suffice for yourself, and to quickly get a veritable army into line, formed of all the *débris* around you, and of the new elements which you will create yourself."

These impossible orders were positively executed! General Jaurès took up his command on 20th November, got together stragglers in all directions, and formed a corps which, when compared with others of the army of the Loire, was singularly solid; for it was that corps which stopped the Duke of Mecklenburg for three days at Le Mans, and fought the last fight of the war at Sillé le Guillaume.

It is needless to pursue further the story of the efforts made in the west. Those efforts serve to show the difference between the tremendous energy of the amateur civilians, and the stolid incapacity of the professional authorities; but that fact, after all, only proves what we knew before—that strong will can attain results which are beyond the reach of indolence and routine. The old system resisted the German army for one month, the new one held out against it for five months—hopelessly, uselessly, madly, it is true—but it held out.

And now let us revert to the question which was implicitly raised at the commencement, and see if we can form a distinct opinion as to the distribution of responsibilities. It cannot be supposed that, even if the French army had been thoroughly well organized, it could have stood successfully before its tremendous foe, for mere numbers would have inevitably beaten it in the long run. But certainly, weak as it was numerically, we are justified, by the nature of the earlier battles of the war, in believing that it could have fought on for months, if only it had commenced the campaign in good order, with supplies and with capable commanders. Whose fault is it that neither order, nor supplies, nor generals were there, and that the entire army was hopelessly vanquished in four weeks, between Woerth and Sedan?

The French press has passionately discussed this question; but, unfortunately, it has almost invariably considered it from political points of view, so as to serve



party interests, and not at all with the impartiality which is needed in order to solve so tangled a problem. The Republicans, the Orleanists, and the Legitimists of course declare that the omnipotence of Napoleon III. renders him alone responsible. The Bonapartists reply by counting up the hostile votes and speeches of the opposition deputies, and try to prove from them that the plans of military action put forward by the imperial government after 1866 were paralyzed by the Chamber. The eager reformers who have risen up in such abundance since the peace attribute the greater part of the blame to the prejudiced routine of the minister of war. The English press has added one more explanation by asserting that the temperament and dispositions of the whole French people had a not inconsiderable share in inducing the breakdown.

It would be a very difficult—perhaps even an impossible—task, to apportion the blame with critical exactness between these various elements; and here there is no space for the long developments which such an inquiry would necessitate: but, as foreigners, we have, at all events, an advantage over the French in the matter, because, having no personal interests and no political party to serve, we are able to recognize that blame is merited in each one of the four directions mentioned; and that, even if it be impracticable to allot it everywhere in precise degrees, the great fact is clear to us that it is deserved all round.

But, though we will not attempt to weigh out judgments so as to fit them accurately to the relative guiltiness of the accused, we may, in safety, indicate the general proportions of censure to which we are led by the evidence which has been given here. It seems impossible to deny that the great first culprit was the ministry of war, taken as a collective whole expressing the system and the principles on which the French army was administered. It was in the hands of that institution that all the working power was deposited, that all information was collected, that all initiative was concentrated; it was the supreme master of the army. We have seen that it did its work with negligence, incapacity, conceit, and disorder; it is on it that, without any possibility of reasonable doubt, the great condemnation of history will rest.

Next in culpability stands, incontestably, the emperor himself. No argument, no evidence, can set him free; on the con-

trary, in the eyes of all impartial persons who study the arguments and the evidence, whatever be their sympathy for the fallen or their respect for the dead, his share in the wretched tale is frightfully heavy. Without alluding to the collateral details of the question, to the councils of generals which, according to M. d'Audiffret-Pasquier, he held during the spring of 1870, so as to get all ready; or to the pamphlet, evidently written or inspired by him, which was privately printed in Paris two months before the war, showing that the North-German army alone amounted to 895,000 men, and that France was no match for it,\* and limiting his responsibility to mere questions of technical preparation and forethought,—it is manifest that a terrible load weighs upon him. He had voluntarily assumed a position of individual power, and consequently of individual responsibility; and his position before France and before history is scarcely less grave than that of his acting agent at the ministry of war, for he approved, maintained, and applied the system which brought about defeat and ruin.

The Chamber may be put third in the list. It was both incapable and ridiculous; its habitual subservience to the emperor on the one hand, and its sudden assumption of independence on the subject of military organization on the other, were as comical as they were lamentable. It understood nothing of the great questions which it presumed to touch; but, by the act of touching them, it assumed a share of the onus of failure.

And then comes the nation at large, impulsive but mistrustful, self-confident but credulous, abandoning everything to its rulers, but reserving boundless faith in itself, convinced that French soldiers could not fail to conquer, but grumbling at the cost of keeping them; and, with all this, adoring detail and routine—a repetition on a vast scale of the ministry of war itself.

It may be said, in general terms, that in the universal race to ruin, the nation encouraged the Chamber, that the Chamber encouraged the emperor, and that the emperor encouraged his minister. It was between them all, by their collective acts, that they arrived at the result. The blame of it must lie upon them all.

With few exceptions, the entire people,

\* An original copy of this pamphlet, found in the palace of the Tuileries, is in the hands of the writer of this article; it is entitled, "*Une Massacre Economie*," and was printed at the Imprimerie Impériale in May 1870.

whatever may be said now to the contrary, entertained substantially the same views before the war; the immense majority was convinced that France was irresistible. The opposition deputies went farther than any one in that belief; for they persistently asserted in the Chamber that no regular army was required at all, and that, "with liberty and a National Guard," France would be a match for all possible enemies. The government profited so eagerly by every possible opportunity to assure the nation of its strength, that it is worth while to give a few examples of the sort of talking it indulged in. Maréchal Randon, then minister of war, said, in April 1867: "What! a nation like France, which, in a few weeks, can assemble 600,000 soldiers round its flags, which has 8,000 field-pieces in its arsenals, 1,800,000 muskets, and powder enough to make war for six years,—that nation is not always ready to sustain by arms its honour and its right? The army is not ready to commence a campaign when it counts in its ranks the veterans of Africa, of Sebastopol, of Solferino?—when it has to lead it these experienced generals and this crowd of young officers, prepared by the expeditions of Algeria and Mexico to exercise higher commands? What army is there in Europe which possesses such elements of experience and energy? Our infantry is not yet entirely armed with the needle-gun; but has the forward march of our voltigeurs ever been stopped, in our old wars, by the Tyrolese sharpshooters, armed with their rifled carbines, or by the English riflemen? Oh! then let us recall the military virtues of our fathers: they are worth more than needle-guns!"

And this was proclaimed by a marshal of France in the year after Sadowa!

On the 18th of January 1869, the emperor said to the Chambers: "Our improved armament; our arsenals and our magazines all full; our reserves well exercised; the Garde Mobile now forming; . . . our fortresses in perfect condition,—give our power an indispensable development. . . . The military resources of France are henceforth suited to her destiny in the world."

On the 20th of March 1869, Maréchal Niel said, in a speech to the Corps Législatif:—

"The soldiers of the Garde Mobile are all inscribed in the control lists, and are organized in territorial circumscriptions, by companies and battalions. We are organizing the officers. If danger came, and a rapid result were necessary, we are

in a position to attain it. We have an excellent army, well instructed, full of ardour, perfectly organized, and provided with everything. . . . I do not know what is generally felt in France, but, for my part, I regard with much philosophy the questions of war or peace which are being discussed around us, and, if war were necessary, we are perfectly ready for it."

And on 12th April of the same year he said:—

"Whether it be peace or war is absolutely the same to the minister of war. He is always ready. I will not repeat what I have said several times already, but the army can be put on a war footing in a week. I have nothing but an order to give."

On the 16th August 1869, the *Moniteur* published the following note:—

"An army of 750,000 men disposable for war; nearly 600,000 men of the Garde Mobile; instruction everywhere pushed on to a degree hitherto unknown; 1,200,000 muskets manufactured in eighteen months; the fortresses ready; an immense *matériel* prepared for every eventuality, of every kind,—in such a situation France stands confident in her force. All these vast results have been attained in two years!"

Such was the language held by the emperor, by his war-ministers, and by his government. The nation believed every word of it, not so much because the government said it—that, perhaps, was rather a reason for doubting—but because those wordy boastings about military power were exactly what it liked and wanted; because they fitted in exactly with its temperament and its wishes; because, in fact, it would have been indignant if such speeches had not been made. It imperatively required declarations of this sort from its government, and its government was weak enough to give them.

Since 1870 a great wake-up has taken place; but still France longs for the same official assurances that she is great and powerful. There is no sign yet that the old spirit has been driven out, either amongst the people or at the ministry of war; on the contrary, there is too much reason to believe that it continues to exist in both directions, in little-weakened strength. The events of 1870 supply a starting-point from which progress can be measured; that progress has commenced; in some respects it is both real and serious, in others it is scarcely perceptible: but though it will be recognized,

after the story which has been told here, that there is room for it all round, it will indeed be wonderful if the ministry of war does really shake off routine. Few people will venture to indulge the dream that such a result can ever be realized; for most of us are convinced that Dr. Chenu was right when he said, in his famous book on the mortality of the French army, that if an official of the ministry of war had been present at the creation, he would have cried out to the Creator, "Stop, stop! this will not do at all; you are disturbing chaos."

And we English, have we nothing to learn from this woful story? Is it sure that none of its teachings apply to ourselves as well as to the French?

### HOW I WON A WIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PLATT-DEUTSCH OF FRITZ REUTER, BY M. S.

After the marriage 'tis too late,  
Before the wedding tame your mate.

MEANTIME I had become an old bachelor. I had wandered about the world hither and thither, had often laid my head on a soft pillow and often on a bundle of straw; but as I grew older the straw didn't suit me so well as at twenty, for one who is glad to eat turnips in childhood doesn't exactly despise roast goose in after years. People said "Get married," and I said, "Consider," and circled around the holy estate of matrimony like a fox round a goose-pen, thinking, "You can doubtless get in; you can easily get in! But when you're once there, can you get out again?" But then when I thought of the inn-keeper's eternal roast pork and mutton, and that my room looked like the world before the first day of creation, and that one of my confounded old buttons was always coming off, I said "Get married," and then the stupid people said, "Consider." So I still remained between the tree and the bark, the years of consideration passed by, and my head was beginning to grow grey, when one day I stood by the stove, after lighting my pipe, and gazed at the weather.

The snow fell gently from the sky; everything outside was silent, no carriage-wheels were to be heard, only in the distance the ringing of sleigh-bells; and I felt so lonely, for it was the hallowed Christmas-eve. As I stood gazing ab-

sently through the panes, my shoemaker Linsen stopped before his door with a sled full of wood he had gathered in the city forest; and on the top of the sled lay a green fir-tree. "Now just see that rascal!" said I. "He ought to be making me that other pair of boots, and instead of that he's gathering wood! I won't let the fellow work for me any longer."

I was still standing there, when suddenly a shiver ran through my limbs, my flesh crept, and I said to myself, "Of course! A cold, a bad cold! And why not? My boots are worn out, and Frau Büttoun darns her own stockings with the yarn I gave her, while mine have no feet. It's all perfectly natural. I still stood in the same place till it grew dark, and when I wanted to light a lamp could find no match, and when I did find one the lamp wouldn't burn,—Frau Büttoun hadn't trimmed the wick; and when after a great deal of trouble I made it burn freely it suddenly went out,—Frau Büttoun had put in no oil. Under such circumstances, it's a fine thing to have somebody at hand to scold; but I had no one there, and what was I to do? I looked out of the window again.

The shoemaker's over the way was brightly lighted, and there was a rapid moving to and fro accompanied by merry shouts; but I could distinguish nothing, for the curtains were tightly drawn. "Now just see that shoemaker!" said I. "He actually has curtains!" I had no curtains,—Frau Büttoun didn't understand them; she once put some up for me which looked like "nothing on the earth or under the earth," and I tore them down when somebody asked me if I had children's shirts drying at my window. Of course I felt provoked with the shoemaker; the fellow hadn't made my boots and wanted to live like a lord, while I sat in the dark without curtains and a cold coming on. I started up and went down into the street, thinking, "Just wait! I'll give the fellow a good lesson!"

When I entered the room, the fir-tree was standing on the table with lights burning around it, and the shoemaker's little boys Carl and Christian were blowing a fife and a trumpet, while the shouting and screaming was done by little Marie, who was stretching her tiny hands towards the lights and kicking merrily in her mother's lap, for she was not yet able to walk. The shoemaker's wife, who had put her spinning-wheel aside, tied on a clean apron, and donned her Sunday cap and Sunday face, was laughing at the children

and wiping little Marie's mouth, when she smeared it with gingerbread. The shoemaker had covered up his work-bench, put on his slippers, and was now sitting by the stove with a long pipe and mug of beer.

Well, nobody could come in here with angry words. So I only said, "Good evening," and pretended I merely wanted to see what the fun was about. Everything was then shown me; the gingerbread and the apples, the strings of bright-coloured beans, the seven wheat rolls, and the one bit of candy that hung on the fir-tree. "Coveted prizes," said the shoemaker; "we have now brought up three children safely, except for a blow from the tail of a hussar's horse, which hurt Christian a little, when his mother wasn't taking care—yes, I mean you," he added, shaking his finger at the little fellow.

"I won't take my work away from him," I said to myself, and felt very happy, though I had a most violent headache. But while Linsen was showing and explaining the masterpiece—it was Adam and Eve *before* the Fall, beautifully modelled in gingerbread and coloured yellow with eggs and saffron—and the two little Linsens, standing on the right and left of our revered first parents, began to toot and blow the fife and trumpet, I felt exactly as if the old wheel-maker Langklas was boring with his silent awl—*piano, forte, piano, forte*—in my head, till it buzzed and rattled, asking me meantime if that was not delightful? The shoemaker probably saw I was ill; for, when his two little cherubs had trumpeted me out of his paradise, he went across the street with me, wanted to light my lamp, and asked whether I had any matches.

"I have everything," I answered, "but only our Lord and Frau Büttoun know where anything is to be found."

The shoemaker took off my boots and said, "Wet feet! And I haven't finished your other pair of boots!" helped me to bed, and added, "Wait a minute, my wife shall come over and make you some tea." This was done, but of what happened during the next fortnight I can tell very little.

I lay in a heavy stupor. It seemed as if my whole room was full of fir-trees glittering with lights, and on each hung a beautiful cake representing Adam and Eve and all paradise; and when I stretched out my hand for it I held only a worn-out boot and a footless stocking, while Carl and Christian, with trumpets blowing and

fifes squealing, stood between me and the Christmas gifts, and the thousand lights danced before my eyes, and when I called out, "Let me alone! let me alone! I'll let your father make boots for me again!" and held out my hand for the beautiful cake, the words were shouted and trumpeted into my ears:

Make boots, make them, make them, make them!

Here's the wherewithal to make them!

But bachelors like you, old boy,

Have naught to do with Christmas joy.

Then the old red pipkin, that stood at the head of my bed, began to laugh all over its broad, shining face; and the whole room was filled with worn-out boots, which all thrust out their tongues, and shoemaker Linsen seized them one after another, tied them up in a bundle, and hung them at my window instead of curtains. At the foot of my bed two people were perpetually sawing wood,—one sawed fine wood, the other oak branches; and when the fine wood was sawed Frau Büttoun constantly danced her nightcap up and down before my eyes—up and down, up and down; and when the oak timber was sawed it seemed as if I saw a large red strawberry in a green wood, and I was not mistaken, for it was my Uncle Matthias' red nose peeping out over my green dressing-gown.

Well, one night, when the oak timber was again being vigorously sawed, I felt as if I was coming out of the darkness into the light, and groped around me to discover where I was: I was lying in my bed, the night-lamp burned dimly, and in the arm-chair with the large stuffed back lay my Uncle Matthias, wrapped to the nose in my green dressing-gown, and snoring horribly.

"Uncle Matthias!" I called.

At first he did not hear, but finally stirred, and rubbed his eyes.

"Uncle Matthias," I asked, "where is Linsen?"

"Boy," said my uncle—he always calls me "boy," with about as much propriety as old neighbour Hamann always calls his twenty-two-years-old horse "that filly"—"boy, are you beginning that all over again? What have you to do with Linsen, the shoemaker? The man does nothing for you."

"Uncle," said I, as he stretched himself out again to attend to the sawing business, "is it true, or did I dream, that old bachelors have nothing to do with Christmas-trees?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said my Uncle Matthias. "Lie still!"

"Have I been very sick?" I asked.

"God knows you have," said my uncle, creeping out of the dressing-gown, taking the lamp, and holding it before my eyes. "But really, really, I believe you'll pull through, for you look quite different," — here he patted me, — "my little boy. Can you really see that I'm your Uncle Matthias, and that this is my nose, and not a strawberry? And will you stop your strawberry-picking now? Last night you dashed your fist into my face twice, when I was nodding a little." I promised to behave better, for I now had my senses again.

And it was even so; the sickness was over, but my suffering now first began. I was so tired and faint that I could not stir; and if I turned my eyes Frau Büttoun stood before me, with the red-glazed pipkin in one hand and a spoon in the other, feeding and stuffing me with some kind of gruel as thick as bookbinder's paste, and very much like it in flavour, while she said, "Eat it! eat it! If you don't eat, you'll never get better." And during all this torment, the kind-hearted old creature had such a pitying look as she gazed over her pot of paste, that I was forced to swallow it, willing or not.

Everything has an end, and a sausage has two. I got out of the bed, and sat for hours talking with Uncle Matthias, and discussing various subjects. "Uncle," said I one day, for the dream of the fir-tree and the old bachelor still lingered in my head, "uncle, we must really both get married."

"Nonsense," said my uncle. "Do you suppose when I served as an Austrian sergeant in the Imperial army in the year '13 I ought to have founded a petty Hungarian race?"

"No," I replied, "I'm really talking about myself. You see, I think if I had a wife — that is, an orderly wife, and a good, and a — a pretty little wife, and you came to live with us —"

"And take care of the children? Much obliged to you," said my Uncle Matthias.

"I didn't mean that. But I want to get married, for Frau Büttoun's nursing in this last sickness —"

"Seems to me," he interrupted, "you were nursed well enough. I myself —"

"I'm not talking about *that*," I replied, "you did everything in your power; but a wife —"

"Well, are you on the track?" asked my uncle.

"I know one," said I.

"Will she have you?"

"I don't yet know," I replied.

"I suppose she's handsome," he said, winking one eye at me.

"You can see her yourself. Unluckily, I can't go with you. She passes every afternoon, between three and four o'clock, through the gate near the mill; and you can't mistake her, for she's the prettiest of all who go there."

"Of course," said my uncle.

"And has a tassel on her cloak, and leads a little boy by the hand," I added.

"Are you going to marry the child, too?"

"What do you mean?" I cried, angrily.

"It's her sister's child."

"Heaven preserve us!" said my uncle.

"Don't get into a rage. What do I know about it? She might be a young widow. Well, I'll take a look at her!" So saying, he left the room.

About five o'clock in the afternoon he came in again, lighted his pipe, sat down, and said nothing at all. This naturally vexed me, and I also kept silence. We both smoked like chimneys. But I was too curious; so I rose, and, standing where he could not peer into my face, asked, "Have you been to the gate?"

"That I have," he replied.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well," said he.

"Did you see her?"

"I've seen her — and talked with her."

"The deuce you have!" said I, turning.

"What did you have to say to her? I haven't spoken to her myself yet."

"That's just it," said he. "One of us must make a beginning, and I suppose I can speak to my nephew's betrothed."

"We haven't got so far as that yet."

"But what is not, may be," said he, leaning back in the old leather arm-chair, and stretching out his legs. "I'll tell you all about it," he continued. "As I was walking along the street, she came behind me; and I prepared to take a good look at her, for she led a little boy by the hand. I couldn't see the tassel, because it hung on her back."

"Yes, I understand. I suppose you looked very hard at her."

"When I want to see anything, I open my eyes," said my uncle, "and I did so, and she cast hers down with a look as if she were drawing her bed-curtains together at night; and when she had passed by I saw the tassel too."

"You doubtless stared at her finely," said I.



"That I did, but it's none of your business."

"Did you like her?"

"Oh, yes! She has several qualities that please me. In the first place she hasn't much wound around her head, and secondly she doesn't sweep up the street with her clothes; and these are two virtues, my son, which are of more importance than is generally supposed: for women who have so much *on* their heads usually have very little *in* them, and those who wear long dresses all have crooked legs, or, which is still worse, their shoes are shabby. My son, in choosing women and horses, you must always look first at the legs; if the gait is graceful the legs are all right, and if the shoes are neat you can depend upon industry, order, and cleanliness."

"So you think" — I asked.

"I think nothing at all," he interrupted. "Let me first tell what has happened. As she walked before me towards the mill, and I followed her, I could not help saying to myself, 'Really! you are a pretty girl! Very likely your head may be a little turned, but that will do no harm; that's natural for a woman, but,' I thought to myself, 'how does she talk? That's the main thing! You must begin a conversation with her.' So, when she came back again, I stood with my back against a tree and pretended to be filling my pipe; and when she was only a few paces from me I took my tinder-box from my pocket, and seized the opportunity to pull out a little money with it — do you see, my boy? all done intentionally — so that the two-groschen pieces rattled on the frozen path. I stooped slowly down, as if it were very hard for me to collect them, and when she saw it she instantly told the little boy to help me pick them up, and gathered some herself. I thanked her, and we entered into conversation and walked back together to the gate."

"What did you talk about?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence. I said I was your uncle, and asked if she did not know you — you were always walking up and down here. She said she had not that pleasure; 'pleasure,' she called it. Then I asked if she had not seen a young man with a yellow-grey skin, a yellow-grey overcoat, yellow-grey trousers, and yellow-grey hair? No, she said; but she had seen an elderly gentleman in such clothes. 'Well,' I replied, 'the elderly gentleman was the young man of whom I spoke: that was you.' Then the little boy cried out, 'Aunt, that's the gentleman you

always say looks like a wheat roll dipped in coffee.' Then she blushed scarlet, and I could not help laughing, and said, 'Yes, that was you.'"

I too blushed scarlet, for I was very angry, and said to my uncle, "If you had nothing to do except to make your nephew ridiculous in other people's eyes, you would have done better to stay at home."

"Oh, I had," said he, "but I wanted something more — I wanted to find out whether she would marry you."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "you didn't ask her?"

"Boy," said my uncle, smiling furiously, "when I take a thing in hand I do it thoroughly, but delicately. So I asked her whether she knew what you were. 'No,' she said, 'perhaps you were a doctor.' 'Heaven forbid!' said I, 'how should he be one?' 'A lawyer?' 'Nor that either.' Well, this and that? And she guessed from counsellor to barber; but I always shook my head, and at last said she hadn't guessed yet — 'He is nothing at all!' This surprised her a little, and she said you were probably living on your money. 'Yes,' I replied, 'she was right in one respect; you had always shown most inclination for that kind of business from your childhood, but that you had obtained a situation I could not exactly say. You were now thinking of something else.' 'What was that?' she asked. 'Of marriage,' I said, and asked what she thought of it. But first I said to myself, 'If she turns pale at this question, she does not like him; if she blushes, she'll marry him.' She grew scarlet, stooped down and tied the little boy's hat, and when she rose looked at me from head to foot, made a sort of curtsy, and away she went. So I lost the opportunity to ask a question I wanted to put on my own account."

"That would doubtless have been a fine question, too," I said, biting off the end of my pipe in my rage.

"Oh, no," replied my uncle, "I only wanted to ask her whether she can cook fish well," and the old fellow looked as grave and important as if my marriage concerned him more than myself.

A few days after, when I could walk a little, I did not go near the mill, for I felt ashamed to see her. "I'll ride up to the lake for a little while," I thought, "and look on at the skating and sleighing." I did so; and, as I approached the building where beer, brandy, and punch were bought, I walked about a short time, and there was my Uncle Matthias putting an eight-

groschen piece on the counter, and asking for four groschens' worth of cakes and a four-groschen glass of punch. This amazed me, for he preferred rum to punch, and never tasted cake. "Why, what does this mean?" I thought; "he is probably going to treat some children." But, no! Without perceiving me, he went with his pile of cakes and glass of punch to a sleigh in which sat a lady with a grey veil, bent his body forward as if he wanted to sprain his back, and slipped about on the ice so comically that I thought the old man would lose his balance, and was on the point of springing forward to seize him by the arm: just at that moment the lady threw back her veil, and what did I see? My dear sweetheart, the light of my eyes! I felt as if some one had slapped me in the face.

"The deuce!" I exclaimed; "the old fellow is spoiling the whole courtship," and went home furiously angry.

I sat in the dark, fretting internally, when the door opened and my uncle came in. "Good evening," said he. "Why are you sitting here in the dark? Light a lamp."

This is the only time in my life I ever failed to say good-day to my mother's brother; but I rose and lighted a lamp, looking like a salt herring that had lain a fortnight in vinegar.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"Nothing," I answered curtly, but thought, "He is my mother's brother," and added, "I don't feel well."

"I do," said he, looking as jolly as an old donkey which has been standing in his stall a fortnight eating oats. "I've been talking with her again," he added.

"I don't care," I replied.

"What am I to understand by that?" he asked, with a very solemn face.

"I've done with the dream," said I.

"You don't want to marry her?" he asked, putting both arms on the back of the arm-chair, and looking me sharply in the face. "I've managed the matter so delicately — so delicately that a dog might howl if nothing came of it — and now you won't marry her!"

"No, uncle, I won't. Do you suppose I'll let you take the cream, and be satisfied with the sour milk? For in this they all agree — see here! Amalie Schoppe, *née* Weise, and Elise von Hohenhausen, *née* von Ochs, and all the rest who have written about this relation — the fairest part of marriage is the intercourse of betrothed lovers; and this you are monopolizing yourself, and I must look on and see you

treat my betrothed to punch and cakes." My uncle took the books, tossed them on the sofa, planted himself in front of me, and said, —

"I ask you for the last time, will you marry the girl or not?"

"No," said I.

"Well," he replied, gazing steadily at me with a very grave face, as if he had just made his will and was going to sign it, "well, the girl shall come to no harm through me, for I'll marry her myself!" and with these words stalked proudly out of the room.

This was a pretty piece of business. At first I stood bewildered, then threw myself on the sofa and burst into a hearty laugh. My uncle, who was at least twenty years older than I, would marry, while I at my age had not courage! I tried to laugh again, but did not succeed very well, for my heart was not untroubled; and though I made my face broad enough the laugh stuck in my throat, and when I caught, in the looking-glass, a glimpse of myself with the stupidest expression in the world, I started up, paced up and down the room with long strides, raged against myself, struck the table with my fist, and said, "He'll do it — he's capable of it!"

When Frau Bütoun came, she of course gave me many occasions for scolding; and when I had put things to rights I went to the club, and played ombre, constantly saying to myself, "You can't allow that," and lost, and then murmured, "You would not let that heart be bought!" and was beaten. I went sulkily home, threw myself down and tried to sleep, but could not. I raged against myself all night, for I could not give up that sweet child — she had done me no wrong — and was I never, in all my life, to adorn a fir-tree on Christmas eve? If I said to myself, "Why not?" all my scruples darted through my brain like a swarm of bumble-bees; and before my eyes appeared a huge interrogation-point, which, if I interpreted it, always said, "But will she marry you?"

Well, that no one can answer better than she herself — that I perceived; and when the grey winter morning shone into my cold room and chilled me to the bones, as I made my coffee, I murmured, "Now I have decided. What must be, must be," and said to Frau Bütoun, "Frau Bütoun, go to Bohnsacken's shop, and buy me a pair of the nice yellow gloves young lawyers always wear, when they are on some important business. They must be very yellow."

About eleven o'clock I put on my black

frock-coat, black pants, shining boots, and new yellow gloves, placed my hat above the whole, went to the looking-glass, and said with good reason, "Is it possible — I shouldn't have known myself!" Then I glanced around the room, and added, "Things won't probably remain in this state long." I looked at my old slippers, which stood before the bed, saying, "You'll be astonished if all goes well, and in a few weeks a pair of pretty little shoes come to visit you."

I walked down the street, reached my Uncle Matthias's door, and thought, "One should be at peace with all the world, before he takes such a step;" for I felt as if I were going to execution. So I knocked and went in.

Well, I've seen a great many things in this world; I once saw a fellow eat fire; I once saw a man eat tow and draw a beautiful silk ribbon out of his mouth; but never was I so astonished as at the moment I beheld my Uncle Matthias that morning.

There he stood in his room in the self-same costume as I, only that his black coat was a green hunting-shirt, and his yellow gloves were of buckskin, while mine were kid, and his white moustache hung over his mouth like a pair of icicles, and mine twisted upward, and was all sorts of colours.

"Uncle!" I cried, as I came in, and my hat rolled off on the floor in my amazement.

"What do you want, my boy?" he replied.

"What do *you* want?" I shouted.

"I want what you *don't*," he replied.

"But I do want it. And," I added, "I only came here in this dress, to tell you that I was too hasty, and ask you to be my dear old uncle again."

"Is that what you want?" he said, sitting down in his arm-chair, and looking me steadily in the face. "Well, then, I'll tell you that I was going to your house in this dress to give you a little fright. I learned while I was a soldier that a little fright does men good, for then shame comes in. And, my boy," he said, rising, and laying his hand on my arm, "I won't stand in your way, and make a wrinkle on the white sheet of your happiness, for the little girl is born for you, and she is a good girl." With these words he gave my arm such a pinch with his huge old fist that I thought, "If she is like *that*, she is *more* than good."

My uncle now brought out a glass of his old port wine, saying, "Here, my boy,

take something to strengthen you first. Where are you going to begin?"

"Ah!" said I, "if I only knew."

"Put your leg on the chair," said he.

"Why?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied, unbuttoning the straps of my pants, "only you must begin by falling on your knees, and these might be in your way."

"Well," said I, "you commence well."

"What is proper, must be done," said he. "I never went through the affair myself, but I've always seen it in pictures. What do you say? Stop! I'll help you!" and with these words he hastily pulled out his chest of drawers and rummaged in the one that contained his most sacred treasures. Yes, he appeared with his book of genealogy. This was rarely touched, and, when he did move it, only in the evening when everything was still. Then he first put on clean linen and his best clothes, placed two lamps on the table, one on each side, pondered over every page, read all the verses, and marked the death-record with black crosses. The following morning he was always very melancholy; and the last time he had looked at it he came to me the next morning, and said, "So far as I know, there is one alive still, Christian Bunker, the son of old Bunker, the tailor, who used to live next door to my parents. If God spares my life, I'll visit him this summer."

"Here!" said he, when he had taken out the book and laid it on the table, "sit down here and look out a verse and learn it by heart. There are some which pray to our Lord in heaven, — no doubt you can also find one for the best girl on earth."

"Uncle," said I, taking the book and turning the leaves, "I know what to do: I will say what my heart dictates, and there is a great deal in my heart to-day."

"That's well, my boy," replied my uncle, "nay, perhaps, still better. Stop!" he added, as I was turning to leave the room, "the white string on your shirt is hanging half a yard down your back," and he fastened it under the collar. "There, now, go in God's name."

I went; but as I left the house I heard a noise over me, and when I looked up there was Uncle Matthias stretching himself half out of the window, nodding and winking at me, and whenever I looked back on my way down the long street he nodded, and waved his red pocket-handkerchief, till I was afraid people might guess what secret we had between us.

I might tell a tale, but shall avoid doing

so. Such affairs don't go as smoothly in real life as in novels. Ninety-nine out of every hundred make the most absurd blunders on this occasion; and, even if the whole hundred return as the happiest betrothed bridegrooms, the ninety and nine would still say to themselves, "God grant that we may never be in *that* fix again, but, if we do undertake the business, we'll manage more cleverly." God grant that I may never be in the position again!

At the end of an hour and a half I came back, the happiest of men, and probably looked so; and, as in my lonely bachelor life I had acquired the foolish habit of talking to myself, I cannot, on calm reflection, blame people for moving out of my way as I came down the street, and looking somewhat sharply at me. When about three rods from my uncle's house, he rushed forward to meet me, threw his arms around my neck—he had been standing outside the door the whole hour and a half, watching for me—and cried, "Hold your tongue! hold your tongue! I know all, and when will the wedding be?"

I silenced him, saying, "Hush! At least wait until we are out of the street," took him by the arm, and dragged him home with me; but when we came in, though Frau Bütonn was setting the table for dinner, he could control himself no longer, but poured out his whole heart, and, when the woman stared at him, pointed over his shoulder at me, saying, "Look there, Frau Bütonn, there he stands—my sister's son. He's a betrothed bridegroom." And when Frau Bütonn congratulated me, and wished to know who the fortunate lady was, I had to hush him again; and when she had gone he talked and looked at me very indignantly. I was a hypocrite, a very obstinate fellow, and I had a black heart if I could conceal such happiness so long.

I was obliged to sit down and tell him the whole story, after which he became a little more friendly, nodded, and said, "Excellent;" then shook his head, remarking, "That was not exactly to his mind." When I had told the whole, he rose with a face like the sky in haying-time, when it is uncertain whether to rain or let the sun shine; he shook his head and nodded, nodded and shook his head, and at last said, "For his part, he would have done better;" and then asked at which verse of this chapter I had gone down on my knees. I was obliged to confess that I had not come to that at all. Uncle Matthias took his hat, saying, "Well, then, I wish you a good appetite. Hold fast to

what you have, the wolf will eat what comes after. You crowded too soon; the affair is still a long way from being settled; kneeling is a part of every betrothal, and the agreement is good for nothing if it isn't sealed on both knees. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if the engagement was off to-morrow. Another time take my advice!" With these words he left the room.

Nevertheless, wonderfully happy days now dawned for me,—wonderfully happy days. Once more I might find much to tell, but will refrain. The greatest joys and deepest sorrows must not be public to every one; and, although I am ready to believe that all who read these lines are well-bred, worthy people, some Hans Quast might slip in among them and make jokes at my expense, and that would be extremely unpleasant to me.

But every good honey-cake needs a small sprinkling of pepper, and I, too, did not fail to receive it. In the first place, my Uncle Matthias scattered a few grains; but when he saw that the affair was likely to last, and had himself paid a friendly visit to my betrothed, and ascertained her skill in cooking fried fish to his satisfaction, he dropped his spice and dipped deep into his honey-pot—too deep, I said, for he described my happiness to everybody who would listen to him in such glowing terms, that so many flies were soon buzzing in my honey-moon that I did not know where to hide myself, and as many comical stories were in circulation concerning me as if I had become not only a bridegroom, but a butt for everybody's amusement. I was the object of jests whenever I appeared. At every fifth step in the street some fool grinned at me, and if I asked what there was to laugh at all said, as if they had made some agreement, "Oh! nothing, nothing!" If I went to my old club in the evening—for that I had instantly announced my intention of doing, I wouldn't have given it up under any circumstances, in the first place because it was, so to speak, the home of my mind, and secondly because I thought it conducive to my culture—well, when I went there, there was a whispering and hushing and nudging; stories were told of what such a person had said *before* marriage, and what he had said *after* marriage, and what the shepherd had said to his dog; and if I grew angry and asked what they meant, and how the point concerned me, all said, "Heaven forbid! We mean nothing." If for these reasons I did not go to the club in the evening,

Frau Bütoun opened her little pepper-mill, and scattered the fine dust in my nose and eyes. Should this thing be *so*? or should it be *so*? She didn't know where I wanted this *now*. She was an old woman, and had taken care of a great many gentlemen in her lifetime, but none who were betrothed. I must have patience with her, for things would soon be very different. And as for removing all this stuff she thought I was perfectly right, it was not good enough for my betrothed bride, who, she had heard, had been reared like a princess and never dipped her fingers in cold water; but her eyes were too old to see every spot on the coat. And if my betrothed wanted to visit me soon she might do so; for her part she had no objections, and if the linen and the floor and the bureau-cover didn't suit her, or the little cupboard she had put in one corner of my room for her convenience, she wasn't going to wear herself out. And if I wanted a fire in the evening I might say so — she didn't know. I always used to go to the club, why didn't I now? And then she sat down before the stove, and puffed, and puffed, and the coals glowed on her fat red cheeks, so that I could not look at her without thinking, "God forgive me for my heavy sins! I know very well that this is *my* Frau Bütoun, and a Christian widow — why must I always think of the distinguished people who dwell in a place that is said to be very hot? And when she blows the fire why do I always think that possibly in that place somebody is sitting, blowing coals to warm up my beautiful married happiness a little."

From this any one may suppose that my scruples were not all thrown out of the window; and they became still worse as I walked down the street one afternoon on my way from a visit to my betrothed bride.

As I walked along the street on this day, I heard a loud noise in the distance, the people looked out of the windows, and before one of the doors a little group had assembled. Just as I was passing the door, the furrier Obst shot out of his shop and landed in the gutter. "Good heavens!" said his neighbour Graün, "what are you doing there?"

"Oh! that's easy to tell," said the furrier, "my womenkind pitched me out."

"But why?" asked the other.

"I'll tell you," said the furrier, rising; "my wife wants what I want, and I don't want this."

As this story gave me no information, I walked on, thinking, "It's some foolish

proverb. What does the fellow mean? 'My wife wants what I want, and I don't want this.' You must ask Uncle Matthias about it."

So I went to his house, related the incident, repeated the words, and asked, "Uncle, what does the fellow mean by it?"

"Why?" said he, walking thoughtfully up and down the room, "and the fellow was thrown out by his womenkind, you say?"

"Yes," I replied, "he said so himself."

"And he was sitting in the gutter?"

"Yes."

"Well," said my uncle, after a few moments' reflection, "then this was probably his meaning, for his wife threw him out, and that would agree with this proverb, for it runs, 'My wife wants to be master in the house, and I want to be master too; and my wife wants her way, and I won't consent.' But," he added, "if she was in the house and he sitting outside in the gutter, she was doubtless master."

I don't know why this conversation made me feel so troubled and anxious. I had never looked at my design from this point. "Uncle," said I, "you know me, and know her too. Which of us do you think will be master in the house?"

"Why," said he, "she doesn't seem to me at all as if she would like to sit *outside* the house in the gutter. I believe she would rather remain indoors."

"The devil!" I exclaimed.

"Oh! she probably wouldn't make it so bad as that," said Uncle Matthias; "she would doubtless exert a gentle, feminine rule, as people call it, over you, — you would be somewhat tightly tied to her apron-string."

"I'm not afraid of that," said I; "after the marriage I'd soon get her out of the habit of having the first bushel of rye."

"Don't rely upon that," said my uncle.

"You know the proverb:

*Before the wedding tame your mate,  
After the wedding 'tis too late.*"

"No," I replied, "that's something new," and looked as if my uncle had told me I had been made pope.

"Well, then, sit down," said he, "and I'll tell you a story."

"Go on," I replied, "but don't try to give it a useful moral. I'm too old for that."

"Don't worry," said he, "your dear wife will apply the moral, if you don't follow my advice."

I sat down in my uncle's room, and he began the story.



"In Rumpelmannshagen, where I spent the first years of my apprenticeship, lived two fine young fellows, one named Wolf, who was a blacksmith in the village, and the other named Kiwitt, who was a miller. The smith was smart and knew what he was doing, the miller was stupid, but had money. Well, in due time a rumour ran through the village: 'Gossips, have you all heard? The smith and the miller are courting the magistrate's Sophie and Marie, and they say the weddings will come off at Martinmas.' And it proved true. They were both married at Martinmas, and the old father gave a splendid wedding, and we young people were invited; and I remember to this day what jolly times we had, for towards morning Ludwig Brookmann turned a mug of beer over my head, and when I was angry said, 'One ought surely to take a joke.' After the wedding everything went smoothly for a time, but ere long there was a whisper in the village: 'Gossips, have you all heard the news? The miller's wife beats her husband.' And this was true. One Sunday afternoon the miller came to the smith, who was sitting in the inn playing solitaire. 'Well,' said the former, 'I know what has happened to you to-day.'

"How so?" asked the smith, rising and going out with his brother-in-law.

"Why," said the miller, 'don't try to humbug me! we have both gone into fine service.'

"If you mean my wife," said the smith, 'I must tell you I have gone into excellent service.'

"Yes," said the miller, 'when she isn't in the house.'

"Come with me," replied the smith. 'I killed a hog yesterday, and you know my wife is very fond of black sausage. I'll give you a proof of it.'

"They went to the smith's house, and standing before the door the latter called, 'Sophie!'

"His wife looked out of the window, and asked, 'What is it?'

"Sophie," said the smith, 'take the dish of black sausage and throw it out into the street.'

"What?" cried his wife.

"Throw the dish of black sausage into the street.'

"Directly," said Sophie, and the dish whirled through the door as the furrier did this morning.

"That's right," said the smith. 'And now, Sophie, throw out the pot with the rest of the black sausage, too.' This was all done, and the smith said, 'Very well,

Sophie. Don't get tired, if I come home late this evening.'

"He then went back to the inn with the miller, and asked, 'Well, have you seen?'

"Yes," said the miller, 'that's splendid. How did you begin this?'

"In a very simple way," replied the smith.

"Did you lock her up?'

"No.'

"Did you beat her?'

"No.'

"Well, what did you do then?'

"I'll tell you," said the smith. 'When we were betrothed, I watched to discover what article of dress she liked best, and I found it was a pretty little red silk handkerchief; so I seized the opportunity when we had had breakfast, and the table was smeared with goose-grease, to wipe it off with her beautiful handkerchief. Well, you can imagine how she stormed at me! But I clasped her in my arms, and kissed her, saying, "Sophie, you surely have me. What do you care for such a handkerchief? You can get another like it, but you won't so easily find a man as fond of you as I am." Well, she submitted, and when we afterwards went to the royal shooting-match, she bought a pot, a very handsome pot, and while she was admiring it I took it and played with it, and—baff—I threw it on a stone. She again began to storm a little, but I kissed her and said, "Never mind, Sophie, it's better for the pot to be broken than if I had come to harm, for I shall earn our bread all our lives." Well, lastly, I broke three teeth out of her comb, but then she only laughed, saying, "I wonder if you'll buy me a new one at the Teterow'sehen fair this fall." Well, I did that too, and so the thing has remained; she is satisfied with everything. But I must go in to my game.'

"The smith went into the tavern, but at the end of half an hour the inn-keeper ran in, saying, 'Come out here, Wolf! Kiwitt the miller is standing outside in a pitiful plight.'

"The smith went out, found his brother-in-law with a scratched face and a swollen eye, and, not a little startled, asked, 'Why, Kiwitt, what's the matter now?'

"Yes, that's all very well to say," replied the miller; 'this comes of your confounded stories.'

"How so?" asked the smith.

"Yes, ask once more," said the miller. 'I remembered your nonsensical story, and thought what had served with one sister might serve with the other; at least

I might try it. So I went home. My wife was standing before the looking-glass brushing her hair, and on the table lay her best cap. I said to myself, "This is a lucky chance," took the cap, and thought, "If you throw it into the dirty water in the wash-basin, it will be just the thing." Well, I did so; and she saw my movements in the looking-glass, and before I had any idea what was coming scratched me in the face, and when I said, "Marie, you have *me*, and can easily get another cap!" she shouted, "Yes, I *have* you, and you shall get your pay for the cap." And see, said the miller, passing his hand over his swollen eye, 'this is what she did, and all on account of your confounded story.'

"You simpleton," replied the smith, 'didn't I tell you I played the trick *before* marriage? What serves *before* marriage is useless *after*.'

"And this is the story, my son," said my Uncle Matthias, rising; "and, if you are wise, you can act accordingly."

I also rose, walked to the window, thought the story over in my mind, and at last turned, saying, "It's a confounded anecdote, uncle. You generally tell much better ones."

"Yes," cried my uncle laughing, "because I generally tell you the practical application at once, and now you must find it yourself."

"You don't expect me to throw my betrothed's cap into a wash-basin, or wipe off the table with her silk handkerchief?"

"You can try it," laughed the old rogue.

"Well," said I, "that will do me no good."

The old man laughed still more, and at last said, "Boy, how old are you *really*?"

I did not care to hear much about my age during the time of my betrothal, and thinking, "Aha, you are sprinkling a little pepper again!" asked, "What do you mean?"

"Oh," said he, "I mean nothing."

"Then let me tell you," I said somewhat sharply, "I was forty-one years old the 7th of last November."

"So," said he, "you are in the forties."

"Yes, perhaps that doesn't suit you?"

"Oh, I don't care," he replied, "I was only thinking of the proverb: 'He who in the twenties is not handsome, in the thirties not strong, in the forties not wise, and in the fifties not rich, can be let alone, and will amount to nothing.' And you don't seem to be wise in the forties."

"Uncle Matthias," said I, drawing myself up proudly, "he who takes me for a

fool will be mistaken." I must have looked very absurd, for my uncle laughed, saying, —

"And for all that you can make no use of the story? Of course what the smith did with the handkerchief and the pot and the comb won't answer for you. You must try something else. For instance, you can doubtless, at your age, perform *before* marriage three foolish acts."

"Foolish acts?" I asked.

"Foolish acts," said my uncle; and I paced up and down the room reflecting on the matter, and finally said, "Yes, I believe, uncle, I can soon set everything to rights."

"Do so, then," said my uncle.

"And you think I shall then remain master of my house?"

"Yes, my son, I think so. Foolish — not wrong acts. You see, if she begins to scold, you can throw your arms around her neck, and say, 'Let it pass! let it pass! Don't mind that affair, look instead at my heart, which belongs to you, and will beat for you forever.' And then, my boy," he added, "then you can still bring in the kneeling; for you may say what you like — it belongs there."

I reflected upon the matter a short time, and then said to myself, "He is your mother's brother, and you ought to let him have his own way."

I might here relate what acts I performed, but will refrain. Some accident might suffer the account to fall into my wife's hands, and she might possibly notice that all these things had been secretly planned, and she had been tricked into her goodness, and therefore say, "Stop! this game won't do; you have been cheating me. I'll shuffle the cards. There! I have the lead, and now take care. We'll see if you can't be fooled."

But often when now, as my wife, she flits silently and busily about, constantly attending to my wants, and affectionately yielding to my wishes, I think, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for having commenced with deception;" and a short time ago I said to my uncle, "I'll tell you what, I'm going to confess to her the cause of my foolish acts before marriage."

"Do they trouble you?" asked my uncle. "Every clever fellow must do one foolish and one sensible act; but he ought not to speak of them himself, or both will lose their virtue. You are living very happily; be content with that."

"Yes," said I, "it's all very well for you to talk so; but I often feel as if we

might be still happier, if *she* had the rule."

"My son," replied old Uncle Matthias, putting his hand on my shoulder, "all the happiness possible in this world does not fall into *one* pair of hands,—be satisfied with what you have. As for the married state, don't you know old Jochen Smith? I mean old Jochen Smith who lived with his wife till he was eighty, and was buried with her on the same beautiful summer Sunday morning. Well, he once said to me,—for I myself know nothing about it,—'Herr Sergeant, married life is like an apple-tree,—one sits in it and plucks and plucks; but the fairest and reddest apples grow near the top, where nobody is tall enough to reach. If a man is foolish, and wants to get the apples by force, he takes a stick and knocks down the finest ones, spoiling them, and also breaking off the branches on which are the buds: the sensible man lets them quietly remain, and waits until late in the autumn; then they will fall into his lap of their own accord, and taste much sweeter.' And therefore, my boy," added my old uncle, while his dear old face wore a grave, kindly expression, "don't knock off your red apples before the time, but wait till late in the autumn; then, when you take your wife the last beautiful one, tell her the story of your tricks *before* marriage, and she will laugh over them herself."

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### GERMAN HOME LIFE.\*

BY A LADY.

VIII.

MEN.

WHEN a man, as will now and again happen, has the misfortune to write and publish a more than usually feeble story, the critics, by a simple yet ingenious method, gently convey to him that he has mistaken his vocation in life. "Miss So-and-So," they say, "will probably be surprised to hear that all her men are monsters; that the archangelic do not as yet walk amongst us clothed in tweed and broadcloth; nor do Oxford shoes disguise the cloven foot of our acquaintance," and so on, through paragraphs of infinitely cruel jocosity, admirably calculated not only to extinguish the well-meaning young

man, but also *pour décourager les autres*; "*les autres*" being the enterprising ladies from out of whose midst his critics are supposed to have singled him.

These papers being avowedly written by a woman, she perhaps *ought* to leave all opinion or comment on "the head and crown of things" to the more competent virile pen. She would only venture, by way of apology and justification, to say thus much: that if "some power" have given "the giftie" to men to see themselves and each other all round as other (men) see them, women are not altogether out in the dark; *they see men from their own* (i.e. the feminine) *standpoint*, and this coign of vantage is not an altogether unimportant one. A man in his dressing-gown and slippers may show more of the real man that is in him to his wife than is ever likely to be known to his fellow-swaggerers at the club, or the Major Pendenises of life with whom he lounges along the Row in the morning, or sneers languidly through a summer's afternoon.

To say of men, generally, that they are of the "superior" sex, is to say very little when applied to German men. Unfortunately, the genius of the language and the scheme of creation do not admit of "superiorest;" so we must go round about it, and say that in Germany the relative position of the sexes is what one imagines to be conveyed in the sentence, "And the sons of God took unto themselves daughters of men." It is not, however, my purpose here to speak specifically of the German "husband," because that, though an essentially feminine view of the subject, would be to limit it to an inconveniently narrow sphere; and a man, whether bond or free, whether bachelor or benedick—"a man's a man for a' that."

And, to begin with the physical aspects of the matter, we may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that from earliest childhood the German man has privileges above the German woman, and these privileges grow always and increase. We know what their respective physical education is: the boy belongs to his *Turn-Verein*; he mixes with his inferiors, superiors, and equals; he profits by his holidays to take long walking-tours; he lives entirely during these summer excursions in the rough, carrying his modest wardrobe in a knapsack, eating how, when, where he can; falling in with parties of other youthful students like himself, fraternizing on the road, hob-a-nobbing in the inns, singing with his full young voice the *Volkslieder*, the *Studentenlieder*, the

\* It has been found impossible to finish these papers within the limits of our present number. An article on "Marriage" will conclude the series.

*Soldatentlieder* of his fatherland. He comes across ruined castles, ancient fortresses, Druid circles, quaint old hunting *Schlösser*, convents, churches. Straightway he learns all about what he sees; if he be not himself a student or an antiquarian, one or other of the party is; his young chest is bared to the breeze; his strong young limbs climb the mountain; his eye roves keenly and restlessly to right and left; what there is to be seen he will see; what there is to learn he will learn; what may be known he will know. The scents of the thyme and the pine linger in his tawny young mane; he takes a draught of milk, a draught of water, with the simple food his wallet affords; he lies down, with his plaid under his head, in the shadow of the rock, or beneath the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, and enjoys his noonday nap. He saw the sun rise this morning, and has walked many an upward mile since day-break. Seeing him lying there, you may, perhaps, take him for a young artisan (*auf der Wanderschaft*), as perhaps he is (for boys of all ranks will go out to spend their holidays in the summer woods), or perhaps you discern, despite his rough clothes and his modest equipment, signs of that good blood in him which, as the proverb says, *ne peut mentir*. In any case, though he may not look what you would call a "gentleman," he looks a man; with manly purpose and intention even in his sleeping eyelids and smiling mouth. He will get up presently, and go singing through the sunlit woods, a gay, a cheery, enviable young athlete. So, with a certain rough freedom, breathing nature, full of quaint simple prose and poetry, with infinite capabilities of enthusiasm, with dim aspirations and vague yearnings after possible impossibilities, the German youth goes his way, through ideal paths into the great reality of the future.

Speak of the German, and you see the soldier. It is not only that the warlike element is the predominating one, it is that obedience, punctuality, endurance, high courage, silent perseverance, mark the whole manner of the man. The compulsory military service, so much bespoken, bewritten, commended, condemned, has had its fine moral influence on the nation at large. A man has served his time as *Freiwilliger*; and he returns to his groceries, his farmeries, his draperies. He has learned exactitude, punctuality, obedience. Can there be a finer practical education? He has learned to hear, not to speak, and to obey. In turn, he will

bring such habits of order and thoroughness into civil life with him as shall compel promptness and obedience, and make the refractory look and the insubordinate word alike impossible. Taken from the receipt of custom, from the yard-wand or the coffee-mill, and set down in the barrack-yard, he learns new things, other things, more things, than if he passed his life behind a ledger, measuring ribbons, or weighing out groceries. His officers are men of noble blood, of fine type, of fair presence. The very aspect of them is an education for him; he admires, without envying them; he acknowledges their superiority, and does not hate them for it. For, to the honour of the German nation let it be said, that even the rankest radical spits out his spite less at the person than at the thing he hates. With this promptness to obey the word of command we find the corresponding roughness and readiness in giving it; dismissed from volunteer duty, he is apt to carry *soldatesque* forms into private life, to indulge in laconic utterances, and look for military exactitude of obedience. So much for the non-professional soldier; for the man who may yet have to do real hard service in the *Landwehr*, or harder yet in the *Landsturm*, but who, for the time being, is released from his military duties, may go back to citizen life once more.

Hitherto, for men of gentle birth, the army has been the only profession in Germany. No man who wrote *von* before his name had any other career open to him, unless it were diplomacy; but, it must be remembered, that in the pre-imperial days, when Prussia was a third-rate power, diplomacy could offer but very limited prospects in life to men of good family and small means. The diplomatic representatives of the smaller States not unfrequently resolved themselves into modest consuls, who, though perhaps not quite so ornamental as an ambassador, envoy, or minister, were at least equally useful, with the further advantage of being infinitely less expensive. Then there was the higher civil service (*höhere Beamten-Stand*). But even the highest of such posts represented but a dwarfed ambition; and again the posts were not many, and the ladder to be climbed, rung by rung, painfully long; so that by the time a man had attained to the dignity of *Finanz-Minister*, or *Wirklicher Geheimer-Rath*, wintry snow would already be lying on his "frosty pow."

Attorneys—a clamorous, noisy, cackling crew—have ever been inodorous in

the nostrils of the refined, and in Germany you would search in vain for scions of noble blood amongst their turbulent ranks. "I do not like," said Dr. Johnson, referring to a person who had just left the room, "to speak ill of any one behind his back, but I believe the gentleman is an attorney!"

The Church (in Protestant Germany), in spite of the late king of Prussia's attempted episcopacies and Anglicanism, remains utterly unattractive in aristocratic eyes. They were literary "episcopacies." The king who invented the bishop could not create the see. Bankers are almost exclusively children of Israel (occasionally ennobled; *baronisiert*, if they had been accommodating in the matter of timely loans), and whilst commerce seemed to be the prerogative of the plebeian, the army remained a patrician monopoly. But already, if they have not changed, circumstances are changing all that.

However great Germany may be as a military nation, bristling all over with helmet-spikes and fortresses, she can only become really and abidingly great when years of peace shall have consolidated her position. Commerce, the child of peace and the mother of plenty, is after all the furnisher of the thews and the sinews of war. The country of the milliards knows, as well as any other country—nay, better, if the history of her past finance be worth anything—the value of full coffers and the dignity of no national debt. That she cannot remain politically great unless she become commercially great; that the fruitful rivalries of peace are the balm and oil her bleeding wounds require—there are abundant evidences to show. In her desire for a wider field and ampler opportunities, she has stretched out tentative fingers across ticklish frontiers, warily touching this or that border-town, casting covetous eyes towards this or that convenient port, sending out consuls to the east and to the west, and establishing relations to the north and to the south. And these very facts, this very attitude, open up vast future prospects to the young manhood of Germany. As a great power, Prussia (and her dependencies) will be able to dispense with petty pride; noble fathers will see no dishonour in having rich sons; bankers and merchants will be admitted into "society," and honest independence will know how to exact respect and hold its own against expiring prejudice. Marriages with the daughters of rich speculators and contractors are already quite the order of the

day; and though one would prefer a more independent standpoint, and would rather a man should make money for himself than take it from another, yet we must not be impatient. Patrician blood is found to mix very kindly with plebeian money; the young lady is charmed to write the magic prefix before her name, and to find herself launched into higher circles; the young gentleman discovers that an opulent father-in-law is extremely convenient on occasion, and forgives the want of a pedigree in consideration of the plethora of pelf. One or other of the offspring of such a marriage may come into the world with commercial instincts (as some babes are said to come mouthing silver spoons), and a purely ornamental young gentleman and lady thus become the unconscious founders of a race of merchant princes.

It has been said that the well-born German is distinguished for his *morgue* and disregard of those in a lower station than himself. This was, and is, his chief reproach in the eyes of his middle-class fellow-countrymen. He does not conceal that he despises their want of manner, their glaring solecisms, their extraordinary coarseness of behaviour and absence of tact. They, who perhaps know as much as he does, are richer than he is, are unconscious of all that jars and grates upon one of a finer fibre than themselves, and are apt to declare that he trades on his nobility, and assumes a merit that he is far from possessing. Not from the so-called "lower orders" is resentment ever likely to become dangerous, but from the well-educated, underbred middle class; the very middling—if refinement of speech, suavity of manner, and gentleness of utterance count for anything. The middle class as we understand it—one brother a merchant, another in the Guards, the eldest son of the house heir to a baronetcy, the youngest walking the earth in an M.B. waistcoat, and waiting for the family living—is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary German mind; but let us hope that the day may not be far distant when the arrogance of the aristocrat may be tempered, and the tone of the citizen refined. So long as commerce means mere shop-keeping, every petty grocer writes *Kaufmann* (merchant) over his shopdoor, and every Jew usurer signs himself *Banquier*, it is to be feared that a commercial career will not prove very attractive in the eyes of, or draw many recruits from, the upper ranks of society. It is not given to every man to be what in common parlance is called "born a gen-



tleman;" but if his birth be not gentle, his manners may make him so; and we all know that a "cotton lord" may be a truer gentleman than the descendant of a "hundred earls." The modest independence and self-reliance which bring about suavity of manners and an absence at once of the servile or the arrogant in a man's intercourse with those of another rank is not at a premium in Germany, where either self-assertion or obsequiousness strikes the outsider with a sense of pained surprise.

The German gentleman, the man of noble birth, of splendid presence, of polished if of cold and arrogant manners, fails where we might expect him to fail. "Without love," says our great humourist, "I can fancy no true gentleman" — love that is, not of the individual, which may be but mere sublimated selfishness, but that chivalrous devotion which high-minded manhood ever bears to gentle womanhood. The German gentleman may be gallant, he may be a man of pleasure, a lady-killer, a *grand viveur*; as a rule he is perfectly ready to flirt with any pretty woman, to make daily *Fenster* parades before her windows, to whisper soft sentimental nothings to her during the course of the cotillon, it may be even slightly to "compromise" her. She is, of course, a married woman (for these attentions would mean marriage to a girl), so she knows, and ought to know, how to take care of herself. He will go away, and laugh over his little social successes, when his comrades banter him on his *bonnes fortunes*; and she will be backbitten in the *Kaffees*, and a tolerant society will view the matter with indifference, unless indeed it comes to such a climax as makes indifference no longer possible; and even then, an easy-going temper disposes the lookers-on generally to be tolerably lenient. Their bark is much worse than their bite in these matters; and after all, one must not draw the line too tight. Marriage is beset with a thousand difficulties; life is more amusing behind the scenes of a theatre than in the dull domestic round. One likes to have one's moments of relaxation, and eternal parade, civil as well as military, is rather a gilding of the lily. Women are well enough to be "a moment's ornament," but life is easier *en garçon*. One has a thousand egotisms and ambitions to occupy one's time and thoughts, and a man gallooned all over with gold, and staggering under orders, cannot be expected to sit like Hercules at Omphale's feet. German ladies are not accustomed

to the entire and untiring devotion which Englishwomen accept with all the calm unconsciousness of a right. No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or coffee have to be handed about, it is the lady of the house that will carry them round; she will be rewarded with a "*Tausend Dank, meine Gnädigste*," but the "most gracious" will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait (in that happy land) for "pain and anguish" to "rack the brow" before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak-room, before one out of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties and pass down the stairs, they will draw themselves up, in *stramme militärische Haltung*, click their heels together, and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and if that is not devotion, chivalric behaviour, and splendid respect, the world has none to show, and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent.

In everything the German is controlled. He is controlled in his love-makings and marryings; he is controlled in the utterance of his opinion; he is controlled in his goings-out and his comings-in. The journalist is liable at any moment to fine and imprisonment; the caricaturist to arrest; of liberty of the press there can be no question; of the license of the law no doubt. In the old gambling days of Baden and Hombourg, no native officer was permitted to play at the tables; the money of the State must remain absolutely in the State pocket; but this fatherly solicitude for the coin of the country did not extend itself to the pocket of the peasant, who would stand gloating through long Sunday afternoons at the heaps of gold, venture at last his florin or his thaler, and retire into his workaday world on Monday a disillusioned chaw-bacon. Control touches even the follies and flirtations of the young. Lately, in a northern capital, garrisoned by Prussian troops, an ardent young lieutenant and a coy and bashful maiden found themselves for a moment, by some rare chance, in a deserted tea-room alone. The enamoured youth had just caught his fair one by the hand, when her most intimate of intimate bosom-friends entered. The poor girl started up in terror, and, forgetful alike of her love and her lover, broke out, "Pray, pray, best Evelina, do not say what you have

seen." Evelina promised, and the imprudent maiden returned at once to the ball-room. But lo! next day the story, with various embroideries, was circulating through all the *Kaffees*, and behold, the day after, the ardent lieutenant summoned to an irate general's presence. "Young man," said his stern *Vorgesetzter*, glooming down upon him in grim regulation wrath, "you are transferred to depot duty on the frontier; there you will have ample time to reflect on your indiscretion. (*Es ist Ihnen nicht erlaubt jungen Damen aus den höheren Ständen zu compromittiren!*") And forth, like ball from the cannon's mouth, behold our gay young *militaire* shot over the frontier! Hear this, gallant young English gentlemen, horse, foot, and dragoons; hear it, too, young English maidens inclining tender ears to manly pleadings, and be thankful that your bosom-friends are not spies, nor, as a rule, the colonels of our regiments martinets in matters of the affections. Resistance in any shape is hopeless; it will be put down, in whatever form or in whatever rank it makes its sporadic appearance, with an iron hand. Beneath the drapery of that flowing white mantle, that reminds you of the crusaders of old, you may plainly perceive the steel gauntlet of armed despotism. "Whilst all the others were boasting," says Heine, "of how proudly the Prussian eagle soared towards the sun, I prudently kept my eyes fixed upon his claws."

The German makes a good colonist because he is frugal, patient, and hardy; but he seems to need a transplantation to another soil to shine forth in all the excellence that not unfrequently becomes his. The German workman at home is dilatory, unpunctual, slow, and often extremely "bungling" in his work. There is not the same competition as with us; if he do not choose to hurry himself, you must abide his pleasure; he is the obliger, you the obliged. You give him a model, and he executes his copy not amiss; it only falls short of supreme excellence; a little more finish, and it would have been absolutely well done. The German labourer is a marvel of heavy artfulness: he seems always to have something to do that interferes with continuous work; either he has to spit upon his hands, or to adjust his raiment, or to take a dram, or have a "crack" with a comrade, or pick a quarrel with an enemy; in short, he is inventive in this respect to a degree that his general stolidity would never lead you to suspect. The writer remembers watch-

ing throughout a period of some months an English "navvy" who had command of a gang of Germans engaged upon some waterworks. Abuse flowed freely from the lips of the stalwart Briton, and though he spoke an unknown tongue, the desired effect was produced; the instant, however, his attention was withdrawn, or his amenities ceased, the stolid crew abandoned all active labour, and became passive spectators of the general scene. "I'd lieber have one o' ourn nor five on 'em," said that British "navvy," in a tone of rueful indignation, one day to a sympathetic auditor who was watching the slow progress; even the stalwart frame, the loud voice, of the man, and the free use of his choice vernacular had ceased to have its effect, and the gloom of despair hung heavy on his brow. Yet we know that two-thirds of the sugar-bakers, bakers, and tailors in London are German, and that America speaks largely the language of Hans Breitmann. It seems that the sight of incessant activity and untiring energy universally prevailing around is necessary to arouse the German, and make him shake off the lethargy that otherwise possesses him. Crimes of violence are of very rare occurrence in Germany; the German is not cruel, he does not murder, he does not assassinate, he does not beat his wife, or kick her with hobnailed shoes: he does not love blood. Bloodshed is distasteful to him, unless, as in the Franco-Prussian war, it be his duty to shed blood; then he consents to butcher and be butchered (as during the awful days of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour) with almost automatic endurance. But whilst we allow for the difference of temperament that distinguishes the Teuton from the Celt, we must concede that education counts for something in this matter. Educate the masses, and they will not love, as the French lower orders do, to welter, when excited, in the blood of their fellow-men, to lick their lips in savage lust to lap it again. The German is generally rough, and sometimes brutal, but humanity, on the whole, prevails, and the brute in him is less than the man. Indeed, that sort of "sentiment," which is so marked a characteristic of the modern Teuton, is to be found even in the *dramatis personæ* of the police reports.

"It is characteristic," says a modern writer, speaking of his fellow-countrymen, "that our German rascals have always a certain sentimentality sticking to them. They are no cold-blooded knaves of calculation, but are blackguards of senti-

ment. They have *Gemüth*, and take the warmest interest in the fates of those they have robbed, so that one cannot be quit of them. Even our distinguished *chevaliers d'industrie* are not mere egoists who steal for themselves, but court coy mammon to do good with their ill-gotten gains."

In the old historic days of the small *Residenz*-towns, the unwary stranger who found himself at court, was, if of unsophisticated mind, literally blinded and bewildered by the blaze of stars and decorations that glittered in the firmament. Awe-struck by the cloud of heroes and veterans, he prepared, as though wandering through the Walhalla of the universe, to put off his mental shoes from off his feet, in acknowledgment that he was standing on the holy ground of heroism. But when, upon enquiring, he ascertained the truth of the matter, and learned that every serenity, transparency, or impalpability passing by that way and dining at the grand-ducal board, would have to send, as a matter of mere routine, the "order" of his State to the court officials, first, second, or third class, each according to his kind; when he learned that this blazing star had been conferred on the occasion of the *grandes chasses*; that that noble order was bestowed on the duke's representative at the baptism of an archduchess, and the other resplendent decoration but the evidence of an imperial dinner-party, he would not unfrequently go his sardonic way, sneering the sneer of the cynic at the tinsel and frippery of such supreme sham. The writer of these lines remembers a most worthy, inoffensive man upon whom fate had most inappropriately conferred the combined offices of *grand chambellan de la cour* and *Theater-Intendant*. He had accompanied his royal master to every court in Europe, and his sovereign being of convivial turn and addicted to "dining" the princes who passed by his way, stars and garters continued to flow in upon the first official of the court. The wags were pleased to suggest all sorts of incongruous and incompatible positions for the "thick-coming" decorations, and it was feared that he would at last, however unwillingly, be forced, all the rest of his person being preoccupied, to sit upon the orders of the future.

Great were the envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, that fermented in female breasts on these occasions. The adjutants' wives had always a grievance; one would complain that her husband,

holding a double office about the court, should not have had a first-class decoration; another would weep that she whose family was of the ancient of the earth must endure the slight of seeing her spouse receive an order of the third class, while the little pert upstart who had married the *Oberstall-Meister* pranced past her with an ornament made of the diamonds picked out of the Grand Cross, that he, the master of the horse, ought never to have had! The infinite littleness of such a life was the fair butt of fermenting "patriots;" no wonder that radical writers brought what wit they could to bear on the subject, or that the reformers were great on fossil feudalism. For a people that had discovered gunpowder, printing, and the critique of pure reason, such a spectacle included almost every humiliation, and the wonder to all lookers-on is not so much how, as by whom, that vast revolution which is called imperialism has been brought about. The united fatherland, the old dream of national unity, is realized, but the very dreamers themselves must, one would think, be still rubbing incredulous eyes, seeing after what an unforeseen fashion they have awakened.

Yet Prussia has indisputably this one glory above all the other countries of Teutonia; that, whilst they have had gossipries, scandals, intrigues, nests of squabbles, and parish politics, she has a history. Her electors have been the elect, her kings have been the kenning men; they have known and they have done; abstract knowing could not help them, only concrete doing. Alert, restless, thorough; looking into everything, examining, proving; scant mercy, short justice; frugal, thrifty, hardy, sharing common perils with the common soldier, keeping kingly state when kingly state was demanded; rewarding, punishing, reprimanding, with here a genial act, and there a jovial word, the *Landesvater*, not the king alone, but the father of his people. Other knowers and doers looking upwards, not because of the mere kingship of their chief, but with fullest confidence in his power and will, both to know and to do, arose in their places, each in his *Fach*; the thing done varying according to time and circumstance, according to person and place; valuable chiefly, not for the magnitude of it, but for the reality of it.

The history of the house of Hohenzollern is the history of Prussia; nay, "if aught of prophecy" be ours, bids fair to prove the history of Germany. We have seen a gallant old king at the head of a

sorely tried army, enduring hardships with the courage of an adolescent; we have seen the crown-prince sharing common perils with the common soldier: we have seen all the available princes of the blood fighting, marching, watching, enduring, conquering, and dying side by side with the peasant; rained upon, snowed upon, hailed upon, stormed at by shot and shell, travelled-stained, blood-stained, mud-bespattered, war-battered, not mere "men with muskets" but soldiers to the backbone, one and all, prince, peer, and peasant, willing to die for the fatherland.

True valour, not rash daring, patient endurance, not foolhardy escapades, steadfastness of heart and stability of mind, inspired these men who stood up to fight for their belief, to die for what they thought the justice of their cause. Not the light Greek fire of inflammable enthusiasm, such as caught the boulevards one day in July, and set all Paris like straw blazing; but the deep volcanic fire of conviction, long smouldering, darkly hidden, portentous, unquenchable, unless, indeed, by crimson seas yet to flow. It is supremely characteristic of the genius of the two nations, that whilst the French were hysterically shrieking "*A Berlin!*" falling upon each other's necks, and vowing to celebrate their emperor's birthday in the palaces of Prussia, the German polished his arms, sang his "Watch on the Rhine," said no word of Paris, and before many months were over crowned his gallant old king emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. This is the history of the German army; all honour to it and to those who led it on to victory.

In civil life, it was in old days the pride of the Prussian official that he lived narrowly; that only by a close economy was he able to make those two proverbial ends meet which is such a desirable result in domestic economy. Parsimony was his pride; his private economies went to enrich the coffers of the State, and his patriotism was of the type of which Virgil says, "The noblest motive was the public good." For him a dinner of Spartan broth, and the *mens conscia recti* therewith, was better than all the fleshpots of the fatherland unseasoned by the antique virtues. The Fabricius type is, alas! extinct, gold-scorers impossible, and the austerity of Cincinnatus a thing of the past. Imperialism obliges, and ostentation is now the order of the day. Representative officials re-

ceive handsome salaries; splendid emoluments rain down on the worthy; the day for small economies is over; the fatherland has to be "represented," and the country of the millions must show itself great in all directions.

It is little understood or realized in England that pomp and circumstance illustrate at Berlin the glories of the new empire after a brilliant fashion. There is, indeed, not one court, but many; not only the emperor and the prince imperial, but all the other princes of the house of Hohenzollern keep up official state, whereof the exponents are gorgeous uniforms, resplendent liveries, showy equipages, and brilliant entertainments. We may think how dull by comparison our deserted quasi-republican capital appears in the eyes that prize pomp and pageantry, and how strange the utter absence of all official glitter and grandeur to those accustomed to the presence of a court. We take our German friends to the Horse Guards (all we have of magnificence to show), and point out the imposing appearance of our household troops. "Have you ever seen our *gardes du corps*?" is the only comment; "splendid giants, mounted on huge chargers, wearing a classic silver helmet, crested with eagles' wings, a dazzling silver cuirass, and *juste-au-corps* of 'white samite, mystic, wonderful'?" You perhaps say no. "Ah then, indeed!" replies your Prussian friend, as one who makes allowances for your ignorant worship. The modern German is likely to become a thorn in the flesh of humanity at large, not because he is victorious, but because he is forever blowing the blast of his victories on the trumpet of fame. The braying of that brazen instrument is, of necessity, not so sweet in his neighbours' ears as in his own; yet should you venture to remonstrate, he will fix a quarrel upon you, and you will have abjectly to ask him to continue his melodious strain. It is not enough that his country has become one of the great powers of Europe, he wants you to say that it is the greatest. Success is so sweet to him, power so new, triumph so intoxicating, and the old radical dream of a united fatherland realized, he himself hardly knows how, in Bismarcko-Imperialism is such a bewildering experience, that he stands on the highway, pistol in hand, and exacts your admiration or your life. It is not enough that you have at an earlier stage of the journey already paid your tribute of admiration; you must pay it again. You are to go on admiring; your



awe and your respect are to become vocal; if you are not loudly, consistently, persistently with the fatherland, you are against it. It is by sufferance that your humble vehicle rolls along the emperor's highway; get out and grovel, then all shall be well with you; resist, and you shall be torn out of your coach, and the great jackboots will kick you ignominiously into space, and the big man will go his swaggering way with a grim smile behind his tawny moustache, as one who exterminates the lively pertinacious *pulex irritans*, otherwise sublimely big and indifferent.

The crumpled roseleaf on Germany's bed of glory is, that she cannot get every other nation to admire her as much as she admires herself; and in her present egotistical attitude would fain extract what she covets, if not otherwise, then *à force d'armes*.

It is this uneasy tone, this monopoly of adulation, this exacting, suspicious restlessness, that tells tales of the fever of ambition pulsing through every vein of the new system. Fever has a false strength that looks to the sound man much like health; let him look again, and in the glare of the patient's eye he will see evidences of the distempered blood, and will be careful to soothe rather than to irritate. When we speak of the one crumpled roseleaf in Prussia's bed, we speak hyperbolically. Hers is no rose-strewn couch; on the contrary, it is, as those who know her best, best know, an uneasy bed; a bed that will have to be made again and again, lucky if at last it become a place of rest. To leave metaphor—her extent of frontier is immense; she will yet need all that is best in her best men. At any moment Bavaria may break away. Hanover harbours resentment; Scandinavia hates her for her ruthless want of faith; it is known that the coming czar is intensely anti-Prussian, and that the long lists of German names filling distinguished positions in army and State are offensive, beyond any present possibility of expression, to a very large party in Russia. Alsace and Lorraine have, as Elsass and Lothringen, to be kept under, and increasing vigilance must inspire fear where no love is.

When we speak of the German of the present day, we have all of us, unconsciously, the grand modern prototype in our minds—the man of blood and iron; the Hammer-man; the Thunderer; the Baresark; the Bismarck—the great typical heroic figure, that will go down to

future ages colossal, momentous, immortal. He, the greatest, comes home to the smallest, to men's business and bosoms in a special manner; the likeness of him hangs in the humblest hut; but for him Hans and Michel had not laid down their lives in French mire and clay; but for him food were not so dear, nor widows so many, nor wives so few; but for him, taxes had not been so rigorous, nor money so scarce. Yet, he is the idol of the populace—of that populace which, erewhile, stoned, lampooned, caricatured, and reviled him; of that populace that was nothing more than mud-seas at his feet, on the vast field of the fatherland.

Now he reigns supreme; the contempt he once showed for them is become the enemy's portion; the people are grown his willing instruments; he has known how to read the signs of the times, to seize the chances of the moment, to wield and to weld; to mould the old order of things into a new order; to root out the republican *rabies*; to crush down the radical spirit; to grasp the national mind; to hold the nation's heart; to venture, to succeed, to dare, and to do. The national vanity, the popular pride, have been flattered by his miraculous successes; surely a grateful people will foster their hero. Their good old emperor is well enough, but even *he* had not been but for Bismarck. He, gallant old gentleman, has scruples, hesitations, tenderesses of conscience, regrets; is not much other than any private man—him we do not specially care to go out and greet. As for princes, clothed in soft raiment, dwelling in kings' palaces, their name is legion; but this man, *der Einzige*, the only one, unique; his like not again to be seen this side of eternity; a prophet, and more than a prophet—him we will worship, before him we will fall down. A gigantic mass of all that makes manhood, he carries a high look with him; fire and reality, as well as blood and iron, are in that great figure and big brain. He speaks, and it is as though the king of beasts sent his leonine roar before him through the forests of which he is lord. That orator, erst so eloquent, seems now but froth and fribble; the attempted epigram of the penultimate patriot dwindles into mere spite; prudence becomes pedantry; warning, the mumblings of blind senile leaders of the blind; threat, the mere futile squeak of peevish incompetence. The little sneers have struck too low, they fall unheeded at his feet; he will not stoop to notice them; let them lie: but from his height, god-



like, dæmonic, he will pour forth his lava-stream of scathing eloquence, which, by mere attraction of gravitation, reaches its destination in the infinite flats beneath him. This stinging tongue, this arrogant intellect, this ruthless will, this keen daring, and restless ambition, what are they but the outcome of the age? In him you see the typical German; the *guerre*-man, the war-man; the *gar*-man—the whole man; nay, rather a demigod unfathomable, terrible. There is, in all modern history, no figure like this figure, no mind like this mind, unless it be the brief apparition of a Mirabeau on a background of unaccomplished destiny. A man for men to fear; for women to love; for, beside that primeval titanic force, there dwells another man in him in strange and striking contrast with the Briareus of the tribune—a gentle, genial, human-hearted man; witty, winning; loving the soft sound of women's voices, the beauty of bright eyes, the prattle of children, the yellowing woods, the setting sun. A Triton, indeed, but not amongst minnows. "No great general," says Froude, "ever arose out of a nation of cowards, no great statesman out of a nation of fools." That the mute Moltkes and bashful Bismarcks of the fatherland are many, we may be sure; but history is careful only of the type. Looking at such a man as this, surrounded by such men as these, we, who are but spectators of the drama, are almost tempted, since finite man cannot go on infinitely, to re-echo the prayer of Paracelsus, and cry: "Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once!"

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From Temple Bar.

## HER DEAREST FOE.

### CHAPTER XX.

It would not be easy to disentangle and define the mixed feelings which brought the bright colour to Kate Travers's cheek, and made her heart beat indignantly as she perused the foregoing effusion. She scarcely herself knew why Mr. Ford's pretensions were so peculiarly offensive, nor did she take the trouble of inquiring, but had that devoted friend been within reach he would have received a crushing rejoinder. The passage about Sir Hugh Galbraith annoyed and yet amused her. She had now grown tolerably familiar with his modes of thought and expression, and she could well picture the quiet profound scorn with which he had spoken of her-

self "and the good-looking young vagabond connected with the press."

If there was one point upon which Kate Travers was more specially sensitive than another it was on the respect she thought she deserved. Naturally of a sunny disposition and easy temper, loving pleasure, and luxury, and beauty with a certain amount of graceful indolence, which in prosperous times entirely masked the strong will and untiring energy stored up against the day of need, she never dreamed any one would suspect her of the fleshy weaknesses to which others were liable; she knew the childlike purity of her own life, and suspected that the long winter of such chilling circumstances as hers had been, might have had a hardening influence on her nature; but she shrank from a disrespectful word as from a blow, and had her knowledge of men been equal to her knowledge of books, she would no doubt have resisted the temptation to play with the grave surprised admiration evinced by Galbraith lest it might lead to unpleasant results.

Now she could not draw back without a display of stiffness and a change of tone which might lead to awkward explanations, and as her enemy progressed towards complete recovery, she told herself that it did not matter, he would soon be gone, and not remember much about the adventure until she reopened the will-case and defeated him. Then, indeed, their present acquaintance might lead to his accepting some portion of the property he had so long considered his inheritance, for after the friendly intercourse they had held, she never could contemplate robbing him of everything.

These thoughts flitted through her brain in and out of her daily routine of answering inquiries and matching colours, finding patterns and making out bills. It had been a busy and a profitable day, but although the lengthening evenings tempted many to keep their shops open later, the shutters of the Berlin Bazaar were always up at seven. The sweet repose of the after-hours was too precious to be curtailed even for the chance of a trifle more profit. On this particular evening—the one following her first perusal of Ford's letter—Mrs. Temple was considerably bored by a summons from Dr. Slade to speak to him in the best sitting-room, as tea was being laid in the shop-parlour.

"Well, Mrs. Temple, I suspect you will soon lose your tenant, and I dare say you will not regret him," cried the doctor, who looked rather displeased as he stood by the

window in the waning light, his head erect, his very shirt-frill bristling with indignation. "A more quietly insolent personage I have never met. He has just told me I was a gossip! — me! — merely because I made a harmless jest. He is evidently an ill-tempered, crotchety fellow, and must be a great nuisance to his sisters — the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt and Lady Lorrimer — to whom I have written on his behalf. Nothing can be more charming than the letters I have from them, fully recognizing my care and attention, especially Mrs. Harcourt, who wanted to come and nurse him, only he forbade it in terms I should be sorry she heard. I have given him a great deal of time over and above professional attendance, and written, as I said, to his sisters and a cousin of his for him, and now he repays my well-meant attempts to amuse him by telling me I am a gossip!"

"Very rude, indeed, doctor," said Mrs. Temple, sympathizingly.

"However," he resumed, "I only wanted to tell you that he has been asking me when he will be fit to go to London, and I really cannot advise his leaving for another week. He has still symptoms about the head which indicate that he requires perfect rest — freedom from excitement — and London would just be the worst place for him. No medical man likes to see a case he has treated successfully going out of his hands, but I suspect if he chooses to go, nothing will stop him."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Temple.

"I thought it right to warn you, as you might like to make some other arrangement, and I hope the letting of your rooms has been a help, a —"

"A decided help, and I am very much obliged to you," returned Mrs. Temple, pleasantly.

"That's all right. Now you must not keep me talking here when I have twenty places to go to. Do you know I met that young schemer Bryant walking with one of Miss Monitor's girls three miles off, on the Barmouth Road, near Jones's, the curate of Drystones. You know Jones? Well, near his house. I believe Jones's wife is Bryant's sister. It did not look well at all. I wouldn't trust Bryant farther than I could throw him. Good evening, Mrs. Temple; good evening."

Kate politely attended him to the door, and as she turned to join Fanny, was seized upon by Mrs. Mills, who carried her into the kitchen to speak to Sarah's mother. She was in great tribulation, be-

ing afflicted with a wild son, who turned up every now and then to work mischief. On the present occasion he had got hold of the poor woman's little hoard, had absconded, and left her penniless just as the week's rent was due. She had, therefore, made so bold as to come and ask if Mrs. Temple would be so kind as to advance a little of Sarah's money. This, in the mouth of Sarah's mother, was a very long tale. But Kate listened with the gentlest untiring sympathy, for hers was a very tender heart, and a full half-hour and more was occupied in giving help and comfort.

When at last she returned to the parlour she was not surprised to find the lamp lighted and Fanny seated behind the "cosy"-covered teapot; but she was surprised to find Sir Hugh Galbraith seated opposite to her, apparently quite at home, leaning easily across the table as he talked pleasantly with the pretty tea-maker. Kate could not help being struck by the altered expression of his face since she had first beheld it.

It was softer, brighter, younger-looking, but while she paused, still holding the handle of the door, Sir Hugh rose quickly and came a step towards her. "I have ventured to ask admittance, although I have no letters to write, or rather to have written for me, and Miss Lee, as commanding in your absence, has graciously assented," he said.

"Pray sit down," replied Mrs. Temple, moving to the place Fanny vacated for her. She was startled and disturbed at finding him there: but he was going away next week; it was really of no moment, this unexpected visit. Still Ford's letter and her own previous reflections ruffled her composure. She coloured and grew pale, and felt Galbraith's eyes fixed upon her, though she did not look up to see them.

"You are not well, or something," he exclaimed. "I had better go away."

"No, Sir Hugh. I am happy to see you," a little stiffly. "But the light affects me after the dusky kitchen, where I have been listening to a tale of woe. Fanny dear, will you bring the shade?" Thus, effectually sheltered from observation, Kate quickly recovered herself and dispensed the tea, stretching out a hand white and delicate enough for a lady of high degree, as Galbraith observed, when she offered him a cup, which Fanny followed with a delightful slice of brown bread and butter.

"A tale of woe!" exclaimed that young lady; "and in the kitchen? What took Dr. Slade there?"

Mrs. Temple briefly explained.

"I could not think what kept you, and Sir Hugh said he was sure the doctor was gone."

"Old humbug," observed Galbraith. "I thought he would never go. I had to tell him some unpleasant truths before he would stir."

"Did you?" asked Fanny, who, in consequence of Tom's note, was in towering spirits. "What did he say?"

"I know," said Mrs. Temple, slyly. "He was making his complaint."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Galbraith, looking under the shade to get a glimpse of her smile. "What did he say?"

"That you are an ungrateful man; that he has devoted himself to your service, and that your return is to tell him he is a gossip."

Galbraith smiled rather grimly. "Did he tell you what led up to it?" he asked. "No; he did not give the context."

"He is not a bad sort of fellow," resumed Sir Hugh, "only spoiled by a country-town life and associating with women—I mean old women."

"And pray why should women, young or old, spoil him?" cried Fanny, aggressively. "I am sure we are much better than men in many ways."

"I think you are," returned Galbraith, gravely; "still I don't think men or women the better for associating exclusively with each other. Military women, for instance, are not pleasant. Have you ever met any?" addressing Mrs. Temple.

"No," said she, answering the real drift of the question; "I have never, of course, been in that sort of society, and have never reckoned any military ladies among my customers."

Galbraith was silent until Mrs. Temple asked him if he would have any more tea.

"If you please. I assure you no old woman likes tea better than I do. I have always found it the best drink when hard worked in India," he returned with a smile. "Some fellows have a great craving for beer, and I confess it is very tempting in a warm climate."

"And are you strong enough to resist temptation?" asked Kate, carelessly, as she again held out her fair hand with his cup in her long taper fingers.

"As far as eating and drinking go, yes; but I suppose all men have their assailable point."

"Pray, what is yours?" asked Fanny,

who, in her present state of spirits, was irrepressible.

"I really cannot tell."

"And I am sure, if you could, you are not bound to answer a decidedly impertinent question," said Mrs. Temple. "Fanny, you are rather too audacious."

"I knew you would scold me!" exclaimed Fanny; "but I could not help it."

Galbraith laughed. "Suppose you set me the example of confession, Miss Lee. What is your weak point?"

"I could not possibly tell, like you; but for a different reason: all my points are weak; the puzzle is which is the weakest."

"Then I suspect your friend has enough to do to keep you in order; irregular troops are generally mutinous."

"I am the meekest creature in creation," cried Fanny. "The moment K—Mrs. Temple, I mean, even looks as if she was going to find fault with me I am ready to confess my sins and go down."

"Only to rise up again the next instant not one bit the better for your penitence," said Mrs. Temple, walking over to the bell to ring for Mills.

"That is exactly like irregular cavalry. They disperse the moment you charge them, and immediately gather on your flanks and harass your march," remarked Galbraith.

"I cannot say Fanny has harassed my march," replied Mrs. Temple, smiling kindly at that delinquent as she placed the cups and saucers and plates neatly on the tray to save Mills trouble. "But I suppose it would be easier to keep a regiment of superior men—I mean educated men—in order, than the waifs and strays you pick up."

"I assure you soldiers are not on the whole bad fellows; but as to educated men, I can't say I should like to command a regiment of straw-splitting, psalm-singing troopers who would probably dispute every order they didn't fancy."

"But you, you are an educated gentleman, and don't you think," rejoined Mrs. Temple, "that if you had undertaken certain work and certain service, you would be more obedient, more dutifully subordinate, than a poor, ignorant, half-blind creature who cannot see an inch beyond the narrow bounds of his own personal wants and pleasures, while you could grasp some idea of the general good?"

"There is, of course, some truth in your view," said Galbraith, somewhat surprised; "but a regiment of gentlemen, in the first place, is out of the question. There have been, I grant, body-guards of

kings who were all gentlemen, but from what we know of them they were not exactly models of sound discipline or serious behaviour."

And in the heat of argument Sir Hugh rose, drew his chair near his antagonist, and clear of the obstacle presented to his vision by the lamp-shade.

"There is your work," interrupted Fanny; "you know you promised that should be ready to-morrow: "*that*" was a banner-screen of beads and silk, and each section of the pattern was to be begun, in order to save the fair purchaser from too severe exercise of brain.

"Thank you, Fan," and Mrs. Temple proceeded quickly and diligently to thread needles and sew on beads, glancing up every now and then with eyes that sparkled and deepened, and laughed and grew dim with a slight suffusion if she was very earnest. Fanny placed a large work-basket before her as she took her seat opposite their guest, who felt wonderfully interested and at home.

"Oh! the people you mean would not be called gentlemen now; they were only polished barbarians, incapable of self-control; any tolerably educated shopboy would conduct himself better than the *dés* and *vons* of those days," said Kate.

"By Jove! men were better bred, more high-bred, then. I never heard that doubted before," cried Galbraith.

"High-bred! that is, they took off their hats and bowed more gracefully, and treated their inferiors with insolence none the less brutal, because it had a certain steely glitter, and were more ferocious about their honour; but they were mere dangerous, mischievous, unmanageable children compared to what men *ought* to be."

"You are a formidable opponent, Mrs. Temple. Still I will not renounce my ancestors; they were gallant fellows, if they had a dash of brutality here and there. And you will grant that without a regard for honour they would have been still more brutal."

"I do. Nor do I by any means undervalue the good that was in them, only it seems so stupid either to want to go back to them, or to stand still."

"And what good does progress do? It only makes the lower classes dissatisfied and restless, and wanting to be as well off as their betters. There is nothing they don't aim at."

"Oh, Sir Hugh Galbraith! you have

concentrated the whole essence of liberalism in those words. That is exactly what progress does; it makes people strive to be better. I have no doubt the first of our British ancestors (if they were our ancestors) who suggested making garments instead of dyeing the human skin, was looked upon by the orthodox Druids as a dangerous innovator."

"That has been said too often to be worthy of such an original thinker as you are," returned Galbraith, leaning forward and taking up some of the bright-coloured silks which lay between them.

"It cannot be said too often," observed Mrs. Temple, stoutly, "for it contains the whole gist of the matter. I will trouble you for that skein of blue silk. Thank you." Their hands touched for a moment, and Galbraith felt an unreasonable, but decided, inclination to hold hers, just to keep her eyes and attention from being too much taken up with that confounded stitchery.

"But," he resumed, "you cannot suppose men born to a certain position like to feel those of a lower sphere intruding upon them, and treading on their heels?"

"Step out then! Put a pace between you and them, and keep the wonderful start ahead that circumstance has given you," she returned with great animation.

"You are too ferocious a democrat," said Galbraith, laughing; "and to look at you, who could believe you had ever been, even for a day, behind a counter? There!" he exclaimed, "I am the clumsiest fellow alive. I have made a horribly rude speech."

"I quite absolve you," said Mrs. Temple, frankly, and looking at him with a sweet half-smile. "A counter has not hitherto been the best training-school to form a gentlewoman; but the days are rapidly passing when women could afford to be merely graceful ornaments. We must in the future take our share of the burden and heat of the day. God grant us still something of charm and grace! It would be hard lines for us both if *you* could not love us."

"Not love you," repeated Galbraith almost unconsciously; he had hitherto been thinking the young widow rather too strong-minded — a description of character he utterly abhorred. "I imagine your ideal woman will seldom be realized, unless, indeed, in yourself."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Fanny, "I have run the needle into my finger, and it is so painful."

Due commiseration being expressed, Fanny said she must put it in warm water, and darted away.

"Do not imagine I am such a narrow idiot," said Galbraith, drawing his chair a trifle closer, "as not to respect a man who fights his way up to fortune from a humble origin, but then he ought always to remember the origin."

"Yes; you of the 'upper ten,'" said Mrs. Temple, smiling, while she hunted with her needle an erratic white bead round an inverted box-cover, "are decently inclined to recognize the merits of such a man *when* he has achieved success in the end, but you do your best to knock him on the head at the beginning."

"How do you mean?"

"By creating difficulties of all sorts. Mountains of barriers for him to climb over: barriers of ignorance—it is unwise to educate the masses; barriers of caste—none but gentlemen must officer army or navy; barriers of opinion; social barriers—oh, I talk too much! and I am sure so do you. Dr. Slade told me just now you were to be kept as quiet as possible and undisturbed; and here am I contradicting you most virulently. Do go away and read a sermon or something, or you will never be able to go to London next week."

"Next week! Does that confounded old humbug say I am to go away next week? I intend nothing of the kind."

"He said you wished to leave for town; so I warn you to give me due and proper notice, or I shall charge accordingly."

Mrs. Temple glanced up as she spoke to see the effect of her words; but no answering smile was on his lip. He looked grave and stern, and was pulling his moustaches as if in deep thought. There was a moment's silence, and then Galbraith exclaimed, in his harshest tones, with an injured accent, "You never let one forget the shop."

"It was the lodgings this time," said Mrs. Temple demurely. "I did not suppose you would mind."

"Do you want me to go away?" asked Sir Hugh. "I can go to-morrow if you do."

"I am very glad you feel so much better. Pray suit yourself. I could not be in a hurry to part with so good a tenant."

Galbraith muttered something indistinct and deep. There was a few moments' silence, and then Sir Hugh said gravely, "I am quite aware what a nuisance an invalid inmate must be; and I

hope you believe I am grateful for all the care you have bestowed upon me."

"Indeed, I do not. I have not bestowed any care upon you; Mills has, a little, and your servant a good deal."

"The fact is," returned Galbraith, with a tinge of bitterness, "I have never had much care in my life, and I am, therefore, especially grateful when I find any, or fancy I have any."

"Grateful people deserve to be cared for," said Kate, laying her pattern on the table and gravely regarding it.

"And you have been very good to write my letters," continued Galbraith. "I never knew the luxury of a private secretary before, and as I believe 'the appetite grows with what it feeds upon,' I shall miss your assistance greatly. I never found my correspondence so easy as since you were good enough to write for me."

"A private secretary would not be a serious addition to your suite," returned Mrs. Temple without looking up. "There are many intelligent, well-educated young men would be glad of such an appointment."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Galbraith. "I never thought of a man secretary."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Temple.

"No; men are so unsympathetic and slow to comprehend."

"I always thought so," replied Mrs. Temple frankly; "but I didn't think a man would."

Sir Hugh's face cleared up as he looked at her, and laughed. "We are agreed then," he said; "and I don't think you put a much higher value on Slade than I do."

"I do not know what your value is; I like him, because he has always been a friend to me from the first."

"And that is how long?" asked Galbraith shrewdly.

"Oh! if you want gossip you must apply to himself."

"I shall never put a question to him, you may be sure," said Galbraith gravely. "But I confess I should like to know how it happens that you are keeping a shop here. Nothing will ever persuade me that you are 'to the manner born.'"

"You are mistaken, Sir Hugh Galbraith"—he always fancied there was an echo of defiance in the way she pronounced his name—"my grandfather and great-grandfather, nay, so far as I know, all my ancestors—if such a phrase may be permitted—were knights of the counter. The best I can hope" (with a smile



indescribably sweet and arch) "is that they never gave short measure."

"It's incredible!" said Galbraith solemnly.

"Nevertheless true," she continued. "Don't allow your imagination to create a romance for my pretty partner and myself, though we are weird women, and keep a Berlin Bazaar."

As she spoke Fanny entered. "It is all right now," she said. "Sir Hugh, if you ever run a needle into your finger, plunge it into hot water immediately, and you will find instantaneous relief."

"I shall make a note of it," replied Galbraith; "and in the mean time must say good-night."

"How fortunate you are," cried Fanny. "You are going to London next week and will go to the theatre, I suppose?"

"I scarcely ever go to the theatre," said Galbraith, "but I imagine most young ladies like it."

"I would give a great deal to see 'Reckoning with the Hostess,'" cried Fanny, unable to restrain herself.

"Suppose we all meet at Charing Cross, and go together," exclaimed Galbraith, who felt convalescent and lively.

"It would be perfectly delightful," said the volatile Fanny, while Kate, who felt keenly the absurdity of the proposition, hid her face in her hands while she laughed heartily.

"I must say good-night," repeated Sir Hugh, bowing formally.

"I trust you will not be the worse for our argument," said Mrs. Temple, rising courteously.

"I am not sure," he replied. "I shall tell you to-morrow."

"Well, Kate," cried Fanny when he was gone, "has he proposed? I really thought he was on the verge of it when I ran the needle in my finger. It would be such fun."

"Fanny, you are absolutely maddening! What can put such nonsense into your head? To tell you the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I have permitted Sir Hugh Galbraith the honour of our acquaintance, simply because I wish him to feel, however appearances may be against me, that his cousin married a gentlewoman; for he will yet know who I am."

"That sounds very grand and mysterious, Kate. I wish you could contrive to make him give you a proper allowance out of the estate. Well, there; I did not mean to make you look like a sibyl and a fury all in one!"

"I am both indignant and disgusted, Fanny, because there is so much levity and vulgarity in what you say," cried Mrs. Temple warmly. "But we have something else to think of; read this"—and she drew forth Ford's letter, doubling it down at the passage adverting to herself, as having for sole confidant "a good-looking young vagabond connected with the press."

"I suppose," cried Fanny, "that stupid conceited old duffer means Tom."

"I suppose so; but pray remember it is Hugh Galbraith who is represented as speaking. Now you say Tom is coming down on Saturday; it is most important he should not meet our tenant. I imagine Sir Hugh knows his name."

"Oh yes, very likely; but Sir Hugh has never intruded on us on a Saturday, and we must try to keep them apart. How delightful it will be to see Tom—and this is Thursday!"

"Yes; I shall be very glad to have a talk with him. Have you written to him?"

"To be sure I have."

No more was said; and Mrs. Temple pondered long and deeply before she was successful in composing herself to sleep. What was she doing? was she acting fairly and honestly? was she quite safe in trusting to the spirit, half-defiant, half-mischievous, which seemed to have taken possession of her? Well, at any rate, it could do no harm. In a few days Hugh Galbraith would be removed out of the sphere of her influence, and nothing would remain of their transient acquaintance save the lesson she was so ambitious of teaching him, viz., that whatever her circumstances were, she was a gentlewoman, and that some excuse existed for Mr. Travers's weakness in making her his wife.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

HUGH GALBRAITH was a very English Englishman. In opinion, as in battle, he was inclined, even when beaten by all the rules of combat, to resist to death. His prejudices would have been rigid to absurdity but for a thin, nevertheless distinct, vein of common sense which streaked the trap-rock of his nature; while here and there, carefully hidden, as he thought, from all observers, and scarcely acknowledged to himself, were sundry softer places—"faults," as with unconscious technicality he would have termed them—which sometimes troubled him with doubts and hesitations a consistently

hard man would never have known. A vague, instinctive sense of justice — another national characteristic — saved him from being a very selfish man, but did not hinder him from an eager seeking of his own ends, so long as they did not visibly trench on the rights of others; and at times, if the upper and harder strata of his character was, by some morally artisan process, pierced through, capable of giving out more of sympathy than his kinsfolk and acquaintance in general would believe. But he possessed very little of the adaptability, the quickness of feeling and perception, which gives the power of putting oneself in another's place; and, therefore, possessing no gauge by which to measure the force of other men's temptations, he had, by a process of unreasoning mental action, accumulated a rather contemptuous estimate of the world in general. Men were generally weak and untrue — not false, habit and opinion prevented that — and women he scarcely considered at all; the few specimens he had known intimately were not calculated to impress him favourably. His sisters, accustomed to the amenities of foreign life, never disguised their opinion that he was a hopeless barbarian, until, indeed, their last few interviews, when they showed a disposition to treat his *brusquerie* as the eccentricity of a noble sincerity. The younger sister, who had always clung to him, and whom he loved with all the strength of his slow-developing boyish heart, had chilled him with an unspeakable disgust by bestowing herself on an artist, a creature considered by Galbraith in those days, and, with some slight modification, still considered, as a sort of menial — as belonging to a class of upper servants who fiddled and painted and danced and sang for the amusement of an idle aristocracy. He would have been more inclined to associate with the village blacksmith, who, at any rate, did real man's work when he forged horseshoes and ploughshares by the strength of his right arm. In short, he was a mediæval man, rather out of place in the nineteenth century.

In politics a Tory, yet not an ignoble one. He would have severely punished the oppressor of the poor. Indeed, he thought it the sacred duty of lords to protect their vassal, even from themselves; but it must be altogether a paternal proceeding given free gratis out of the plenitude of his nobility. Of the grander generosity to our poorer brethren that says, "Take your share of God's world, it is

yours; we owe each other nothing save mutual help and love," he knew nothing; he had never learned even the alphabet of true liberality; and his was a slow though strong intellect, very slow to assimilate a new idea, and by no means ready to range those he already possessed in the battle array of argument.

Nevertheless, he was very little moved by his charming landlady's opinions; they were a pretty woman's vagaries prettily expressed; still, as he thought over every word and look of hers that night while smoking the pipe of peace and meditation before he went to rest, he felt more and more desirous of solving the mystery of her surroundings. That she and her friend were gentlewomen he never for a moment doubted, driven by poverty to keep a shop, though it was an unusual resource for decayed gentility. For poor gentry Galbraith had special sympathy, and had a dim idea that it would be well to tax successful money-grubbers who would persist in lowering the tone of society in general and regiments in particular by thrusting themselves and their luxurious snobbish sons into those sacred ranks — he had, we say, a dim idea that such members of the community ought to be taxed in order to support the helpless descendants of those who had not the ability to keep their estate together. Still, how any woman with the instinct of a gentlewoman could bring herself to keep a shop, to measure out things to insolent customers, perhaps to old market-women, and stretch out that soft white hand to take their greasy pence, he could not conceive. She ought to have adopted some other line of work; yet if she had he would not have known her; and though he put aside the idea, he felt that he would rather have missed far more important things. She was different from all other women he had ever known; the quiet simplicity of her manners was so restful; the controlled animation that would sparkle up to the surface frequently, and gave so much beauty to her mobile face — her smile, sometimes arch, often scornful, occasionally tender; the proud turn of her snowy throat; the outlines of her rounded, pliant figure; the great, earnest, liquid eyes uplifted so frankly and calmly to meet his own — Galbraith summoned each and every charm of face and form and bearing that had so roused his wonder and admiration to pass in review order before his mind's eye, and "behold, they were very good." It was the recollection of their first interview, however, more than

a month back, that puzzled him most. "She must have fancied she knew something of me," — he thought, as he slowly paced his sitting-room, restless with the strange new interest and fresh vivid life that stirred his blood, and in some mysterious way, of which he was but half conscious, deepened and brightened the colouring of every object, until Fanny declared, as she bid Kate good-night, that "Sir Hugh must have a bad conscience to keep tramping up and down like that," — "and something to my discredit," he mused. "I shall not soon forget the first look I had from those eyes of hers! It was equivalent to the 'Draw and defend yourself, villain!' of old novels. How could I have offended her, or any one belonging to her? I'll ask her some day — some day! By Jove, I can't stay here much longer! Yet why should I not? I have nothing to take me anywhere. This accident has knocked my visit to Allerton on the head. The countess and Lady Elizabeth will be in town by the time I am fit to go anywhere. That pretty little girl, Miss Lee, is not unlike Lady Elizabeth, only she has more 'go' in her — but Mrs. Temple!" even in thought Galbraith had no words to express the measureless distance between his landlady and the Countess of G——'s graceful, well-trained daughter. The truth is, Galbraith had, after his accession of fortune, seriously contemplated matrimony. He had no idea of being succeeded by a nephew of a different name, or a cousin whom he disliked. Moreover, it behoved him to found the family anew — to impose a fresh entail — especially if he could buy back some of the old estates; and Payne had written to him that it was probable a slice of the Kirby Grange estates might before long be in the market. If he married, he would go in for family; he did not care so much for rank. Accident had sent him down to dinner at his sister's house with Lady Elizabeth, who seemed a pretty, inoffensive, well-bred girl; and he even began, by deliberate trying, to take some interest in her, after meeting at several parties by day and by night, where he had, rather to Lady Lorrimer's surprise, consented to appear. Lady Elizabeth, although her father was not a wealthy peer, had a few thousands, which would not be unacceptable; and, though Galbraith had bid her good-bye in Germany, where they had again encountered, with his ordinary cool, undemonstrative manner, he had made up his mind to accept the invitation then given him, if duly repeated, to go to

Allerton, the family seat, for the close of the hunting-season; and should Lady Elizabeth stand the test of ten days or a fortnight in the same house, he would try his luck. A wish to enjoy his friend Upton's society to the last of his stay, induced Galbraith to postpone his visit for a week; and then he met with the accident which made him Mrs. Temple's inmate; and, lo! all things had become new. Whatever his lot might be, it was impossible he could marry a pretty doll like Lady Elizabeth — a nice creature, without one idea different from every other girl, without a word of conversation beyond an echo of what was said to her. No; he wanted something more companionable than that; something soft and varied enough to draw out what tenderness was in him; something brave, and frank, and thoughtful; to be a pleasant comrade in the dull places of life. At this point in his reflections, Galbraith pulled himself up, with a sneer at the idea of his dreaming dreams, waking dreams, at that time of his life. "I'll just stay a week longer," he thought, "I really am not quite strong yet, and then I will go to town; by that time I shall manage to penetrate that puzzling woman's mystery, or I shall give it up. I shall have Upton or Gertrude coming down here to see what keeps me in such quarters, and, by Jove! I would rather neither of them did. *She* would make mischief with or without grounds." So saying, almost aloud, Galbraith lit his candle, and turned down the lamp.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

THE idea that a schoolmaster's existence is nothing but a continual round of monotonous drudgery appears to be dying out. It may be quite true that there is a great deal of monotony and drudgery to be endured in the scholastic life; but it has evidently been discovered that, as far as these disagreeables are concerned, the life of a schoolmaster contrasts favourably with that of a merchant, a lawyer, a medical practitioner, or even of a curate. Highly intellectual men may find deep interest in the work of a good "sixth form," and to the less intellectual a mastership offers considerable attractions. One may find plenty to interest one in middle-school forms, and it does not require the highest attainments to make a really good middle-school form-master.

And what may be called unintellectual — *i.e.*, non-bookish — men, as well as others, are quite open to the allurements of cricket, football, fives, and the like, which may be freely enjoyed by those who accept the life of a master in a large school. The number of men who, on leaving the universities, seek masterships is really remarkable. Nor is it only the bookish or the athletic-bookish who are drawn to school life. It is not a rare thing to find, on answering advertisements in the *Guardian* or some scholastic paper, that the man who is anxious for a mastership is one who has been remarkable at the university only for a knowledge of boating or cricket "shop:" possibly only for the attendant circumstances of a velvet coat and a sweet bull-dog.

Most people, however, would be disposed to imagine that the school-hours passed with a low or a middle form must be unmitigated boredom: that the time spent in actual teaching must be "grind," pure, simple and dismal: that the interest excited by one or two promising boys must be swamped by the stupidity and indifference of the many.

The true pedagogue will take an entirely different view from this. To him the ladies'-school expression, "a finished education," is unknown. He will regard himself as a learner with those whom he teaches, a learner with a few years' start of his pupils. That lead in all probability he will maintain or increase against the majority of his form, but now and then he will see himself being caught up, and pretty safe to be beaten in the long run. He and his form are all runners in the same race. His stupid and ignorant boys are not a set of dummies. He recognizes in each a greater or smaller degree of intelligence or dulness. In many a correct answer he will see stupidity; in many an incorrect one, a degree of intelligence. He will be able to classify his stupid just as well as his clever boys. And if he chooses to look into the methods by which his boys arrive at their most astoundingly foolish conclusions, he will often find that their methods are not altogether stupid; and that in the most wonderful displays of ignorance and the darkest depths of denseness may be discerned rays of light and sense. And thus he will find his form capable of being not only interesting, but at times immensely amusing.

The non-reading undergraduate has been shown to be amusing in "The Art of Pluck." Perhaps the following experi-

ences will show that the schoolboy has great powers as a humorist. But let it be observed that while the characters in the volume just quoted are for the most part fictitious, and their delusion the inventions of ingenious scholars, I am not about to affront my readers by offering them a collection of jokes invented for the occasion, and put into the mouths of fabulous beings. *Mira, sed acta loquor*; and it is hoped that these actual and veritable scholastic experiences may not only amuse, but also serve to throw some light upon the nature of that extremely complex subject, the British 'schoolboy. The large majority of the translations and answers here given have occurred within the writer's own experience as a teacher, and almost all the authors of these *facetiae* are personally known to him.

These humorists and their utterances he will classify as best he can.

1. *The Stupid-Good.* — Under this head it is meant to include boys of a literal and utterly unimaginative turn of mind; boys of little power, and free from eccentricities of any kind; who do their work honestly, but trust simply and solely to their dictionaries and lexicons to bring them through their difficulties. First take one or two instances of their powers of translation, with the help of the books mentioned. "The consul spoke for his family," is neatly rendered "*Consul radius nam ejus familia*." "Naval force" no less neatly "*Umbilica vis*." Again, "To scale a wall" is carefully rendered "*Murum desquamare*." The author of this deserved a mark for carefully consulting his dictionary. A good story is told of a party of boys engaged on a lesson of Virgil. They are puzzled by the line

*Mene incepto desistere victam?*

What can "*mene*" be? At last in triumph a small boy cries out from the depths of his dictionary, "I have it; '*mena*, a small fish, resembling a pilchard,'" which accordingly went down.

A too great reliance on the same book produced the following translation of "*Referent distenta capellæ ubera*," "They will carry back the she-goats with distended chitterlings." It does not appear what idea, unless that of a performing bird, was present to the mind of a boy who translated "*Tarquinio advenienti aquila pileum sustulit*," "On Tarquin's arrival an eagle supported a hat." *Συλπιγίων αἰλουῖντες* can only be turned, by those whose sole hope is the lexicon, into

"Playing the flute on trumpets." "*Evoe, parce Liber*," "Hail, thrifty bock!" and "*Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum*," "If you wish to warm your useful liver"—these are two examples of what Horace suffers at the hands of the stupid-good.

2. *The Muddled*.—These are boys who are not without sense and knowledge, but who come to grief for want of power of arrangement and discrimination. Their "*vis consili expers mole ruit sud*." They remind one of Tennyson's

Delirious man,  
Who mingles all without a plan.

Such a one is asked, "How long was Jonah in the whale's belly?" He answers, "Three days." "How long besides?" "Forty nights," he replies. The muddled appear to the worst advantage when called on to express themselves in writing. As a rule they abstain from punctuation, which is liable to lead them into fresh complications. Here is an answer from a Scripture-history paper. "Rahab sent Ruth out to glean in the fields of her kinsman Laban." The following is meant for a short account of the siege of Samaria:—"In the siege of Samaria there was a great famine, and as the king was walking along the wall a woman cried unto him and said that if she would boil her child they would eat it that day, and that she would boil hers and eat it the next; but she said that she boiled hers and they ate it, but the other woman hid hers and would not boil it." The next is from an essay on Jersey:—"A large quantity of apples are grown there, which are made into cider and potatoes. The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in the fisheries of cod and mackerel, which abound there and in the mines."

3. *The Simple*—boys who are not afraid of using slang, but who use it without at all meaning to be slangy; who apply the most homely expressions to the grandest subjects, and, in their simplicity, make such childish mistakes as do honour to their hearts, if not to their heads. The simple come to much grief in writing from dictation. The following are specimens:—

Where waddling in a pool of blood  
The bravest Tuscans lay,

where for "waddling" read "wallowing."  
"This provoked Pope's ayah," where for "ayah" read "ire."

In a passage on William Rufus occur the lines

Who spacious regions gave,  
A wasteful beast!

where the original has "a waste for beasts."

No triumph flushed that haughty Brown only differs from the original by the capital and the addition of the final letter to the last word.

In writing out "Lord Ullin's Daughter" from dictation, one of the simple has a very curious reading:—

"Come back, come back!" he cried in Greek  
Across the stormy water.

Here is a new version of Scott:—

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain  
When our need was the saw-dust.

Here a variation on Macaulay:—

And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the  
burglars of Carlisle.

Another,

Herminius on Black Auster,  
Grave chaplain on grave steed.

From a description of a waterfall:—

From rock to rock the giant elephant  
Leaps with delirious bound,

where, of course, "elephant" is a *varia lectio* for "element."

One of the simple, to the writer's knowledge, had the following passage in his dictation, "If ever two great men might seem during their whole lives to have moved in direct opposition, Milton and Jerry my tailor were they."

Another variation on Scott was this—

The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infernal old.

Another on Macaulay—

Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his  
vittles down,  
Virginus caught the vittles up and hid them  
in his gown.

Such marks of resentment do the simple show on being dictated to. Now we will take a few examples of their translations.

Ire per hanc noli quisquis es: omen habet

is rendered "Go not out by this (gate) whoever thou art: it has a smell." Poor Naso! Here is another example of what he suffers at the hands of the simple:—

Ipsa ego, quæ dederam medicamina, pallida  
sedi,  
I myself, who had taken medicine, sat pale.



And Horace fares thus :—

Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ,  
The gluey love of my Glyceræ frightens me.

Καὶ ἐπλεον πνεύματι καλῶ, "And they sailed to the good spirit," is a touching instance of the simplicity we are illustrating. The following is good :—

Κύλας Θεστορίδης, οἰωνοπῶλόν δ' ἄριστος,  
ὅς ἦδ' ἔτι τ' ἔοντα, τὴν τ' ἐσόμενα, πρὸ τ' ἔοντα.

"Calchas, son of Thestor, by far the best of augurs, who knew both the present, the future, and the perfect." When the heart-broken Dido sees the ships of Æneas getting under sail she cries, "*Pro Jupiter, ibit!*" which one of the simple translates, "By Jove, he is going!"

The following from Sophocles—

σμικρὸν μὲν ἐξαιτοῦντα, τοῖ σμικροῦ δέ τι  
μείον φέροντα,

elicited this rendering, "Demanding little, and yet paying for that little with a lamb." Another simple youth gave, as an equivalent of the first three words, "Poor beggar!" Here are some more specimens of the simple as translators—*ἔφη ὁ Ὀρόντης*, "He said 'O Orontes!'" "*Vere fruor semper*," "Truly I always feed." *Τῶν δὲ πλεονῶν ἐκατέρων δύο τῶν προσβυτάτων στρατηγοὶ ἐπιμελεῖσθων*, "And let two of the oldest generals take care of each other's flanks." *Νόμος τοὺς μὲν ἔχοντας δίδουσι τῷ βασιλεῖ, τοὺς δὲ μὴ ἔχοντας δίδουσι τὸν βασιλεῖ*, "A custom that those who had anything should give it to the king, and that those who had nothing should give it to the queen." This evidently refers to the monarch who was in his parlour counting out his money, whose queen, for want of something to count, amused herself with bread and honey. "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," but the preceding show that when the simple meet Greek much the same may be looked for in the battle-field of the form-room. And they do not make much more of Latin, as witness the next elegant extracts. "Victory was worshipped at Rome under the form of a feathered (*alaia*) virgin." "*Insignis Turnus*," "Ensign Turner." "*Dum thymo pascuntur apes*," "While monkeys are fed on thyme." "*Rapientibus esseda mannis*," "The chariot with captivated cobs." In what they are pleased to call "composition," the simple are equally amusing, e.g., "These birds have long tails," "*Hæ aves longæ sunt fundamentos*," "She came with bare feet and dishevelled hair," "*Nuda caput venit, selam diffusaque nigram*." The next is

from an original copy of verses entitled "*Viatores* :"—

ter sol cælo dimoverat umbras,  
Ex quo Mæcenas escis compleverat alvum.

Take again a few answers given by the simple :—

Q. "What is the difference between *-ne* and *ne*?"

A. "*Ne* enclitic is used for a proper question; the other *ne* for an improper question."

Q. "*Annus* (year) properly means a ring. What does *annulus* mean?"

A. "Ear-ring."

Q. "Mention a comedy by Shakespeare."

A. "The Taming of the Mole."

Q. "Why was Metellus called Calvus?"

A. "Because he was such a calf."

Q. "At the Comitia Curiata the patri-  
cians met in their —?"

A. "Togas."

It is not often that a joke is to be got out of a Euclid lesson, but we remember a master asking for a definition of a circle, and being answered by a pupil, who described a ring in the air with his forefinger, ejaculating, "A dodge like."

We will take our leave of the simple with "*Variations on Allan Cunningham*," i.e., a part of a favourite lyric, introducing the various blunders made under dictation by a form of small boys :—

A wet sheep and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While like an evil free,  
Away the good sheep flies, and leaves  
An old man on the lea.

While the hollow oak our parish is—

the last line is too profane for quotation.

4. *The Careless*.—Under this head come a large proportion of schoolboys. The careless are, generally speaking, boys whose form-affairs, so to put it, are at a low ebb; whose credit with their master is as nearly run out as is their master's forbearance with them; boys whose position is becoming desperate, and who do not shrink from wild statements and violent imaginings, because at any risk they must make an effort to improve their condition. The careless stick at nothing. They make their wildest shots when questions are being rapidly passed round the form.

"What is meant by 'milch kine'?" is asked.

One of the careless promptly answers, "Male cows."

Q. "Who was Herod's son?"

A. "Herodotus."

Q. "Derive an English word from *Necto*, I bind."

A. "Neck-tie."

Q. "A word derived from *ἀλλήλου*."

A. "Alleluia."

Q. "We do not speak of Enoch's ascension, but of his —?"

A. "Transportation."

Q. "What was the comparative duration of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel?"

A. "Their comparative duration was long."

Q. "What were the three principal Jewish feasts?"

A. "Purim, Urim, and Thummim."

Q. "What was the eastern boundary of Samaria?"

A. "The Jordan."

Q. "And the western?"

A. "The other side of Jordan."

Q. "For what god was St. Paul taken at Lystra?"

A. "Venus."

Q. "What fruit did Aaron's rod bear?"

A. "A kind of plum."

Q. "What Italian poet did Surrey imitate?"

Ans. 1. "Plutarch," leading to Ans. 2, "Pluto."

Now for specimens of translations by the careless:—

"*Cæsar duodecim millia passuum hac nocte progressus est*," "Cæsar this night marched twelve million miles." This historical fact was received with perfect equanimity by the remainder of the form in whose presence it was propounded. A boy put a ready repartee, on the *tu quoque* principle, into the mouth of his teacher by translating "*Dira viro facies*," "You will make an awful man." "*Philippus Neapoli est*," "Philip is Napoleon." *ὦ χαῖρ' Ἀθῶνῃ, χαῖρε Διογενὲς τέκνον*, "O hail Athens, daughter of Diogenes!" "*Deformat faciem non una cicatrix*," "Not a single cockatrice shows its ugly head." "*Pecori vago*," "The wandering peccary." "*Aspice bis senos cycnos*," "Behold two old poets"—such flowers of translation are culled from the careless. It was evidently one of the same desperate race who wrote, under dictation, this version of a stanza of Tennyson's on Milton:—

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,  
Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,

Tower, as the deep-domed Epicurean  
Rings to the roar of an angel onset.

The last word of line three, of course, should be "emphyrean." From the same class came he who, giving the rule for prepositions governing the ablative, produced this new version of the concluding lines:—

His super, subter, sub, addemus,  
Et in, de statu Nicodemus,

where for "Nicodemus" the "Public-School Latin Primer" gives "*si dicemus*."

5. A large class is that of the *Conceited-ignorant*, productive of rich fruit in the way of scholastic *facetiae*. From history papers by the conceited-ignorant we select a few examples of their involuntary witticisms:—

Q. "What were the causes of the great rebellion?"

A. "The causes of the great rebellion were—the excommunication of England by the pope, the pulling down of churches by the Commonwealth, and then the kingdom rang with the cry 'No popery.'"

Q. "What do you know of Milton as an author?"

A. "Milton's pen laboured in the reign of Charles, and he wrote *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Found*."

Q. "Define democracy."

A. "Government by dukes and deacons."

Q. "What was the end of Tiberius Gracchus?"

A. "He was dragged out of the Senate-House by a beagle and murdered."

Q. "State what you know about Mithridates."

A. "Mithridates was clever and used to write poems, some of which are very beautiful."

Q. "Give an account of Cromwell's continental policy."

A. "Cromwell was a kind father and husband, and had nine children."

Q. "What was the origin of the Church of England?"

A. "Sir Martin Luther introduced Christianity into England."

Q. "Explain 'all to brake his scull.'"

A. "This perhaps is a little confusing to uneducated minds now, but was a common phrase in the time when the Bible was translated. Jael drove the tent-peg into Sisera's head, *in order that she might break his scull*."

Q. "What was the end of Pausanias?"

A. "Pausanias was killed by a young man, who was chaste and ran away."

The following is also from a history paper by a conceited-ignorant:—"In the reign of Charles II. no one was allowed to hold a high position in the army or navy or in the Church. Consequently Buckingham and others had to leave, because they did not belong to the Church. Habeas Corpus Act was that no one need stay in prison longer than he liked." The next is from an essay on York:—"There is something that it is noted for called the Eburacum of the Roman period. It is also noted for its cathedral, which is built in the most Gothic official stile in the world." Of Durham we are told that it is "celebrated as the place where the Venerable Archdeacon Beed died."

So much for the conceited-ignorant. Only one class now remains, viz.:—

6. *The Eccentric.*—This class of boy exhibits perhaps more involuntary displays of humour than any other. The eccentric are boys who seem to suffer from an obliquity of mental vision. They see more in words than is meant. A thing goes into their heads one thing and comes out quite another. They are caught by a similarity of sound or form in words. One expression reminds them of another, for which it is at once mistaken. The eccentric are never dullards: they show very often a considerable amount of a perverse kind of ingenuity, as may be seen in their translations, e.g.:—

ἐχθρὰ γὰρ ἡ πόντος μητρὶα τέκνοις  
τοῖς πρόσθ', ἐχιδνὴς οὐδὲν ἡπιωτέρα.

"For hateful is the stepmother who drinks before her children, and nothing is more soothing than an adder."

The next specimen points to a more primitive state of things than Xenophon meant to describe,—οἱ τοὶ ἀλκιμώτατοι ἦσαν, καὶ εἰς χεῖρας ἦσαν, "These men were very warlike, and went on their hands." "*Dido vento reditura secundo*," "Dido soon to return with her second wind." "*Effigies veterum avorum*," "Likenesses of old birds." This would seem to be a disrespectful way of speaking of the great men of old. "*Nulla mora est*," "No woman is a character." Was this rendering suggested by Pope's malicious line

Most women have no character at all?

One of the eccentric, meeting with the words "*Romulus prope-ravit*" (the verb being thus divided at the end of the line), produced as the meaning, "Romulus nearly talked himself hoarse." "*Nihil tam volucre est quam maledictum*" is ingeniously rendered, "Nothing is so fowl as

slander." The blind Œdipus says to Antigone,—

σῆσόν με κἀξιδρῶσον, ὥς πωδῶμεθα  
ὅπου ποτ' ἔσμεν,

not meaning to express himself in such a despairing way as one of the eccentric imagined, when he translated, "Place me and put me in a sitting posture, that we may moulder wherever we are." The next is rather wild:—

Purpureos quoties deperdit terra colores,  
Formosas quoties populus alba comas!  
How often is the earth discoloured with blood!  
How often have handsome people grey hair.

We give a few more translations by the eccentric:—

ἀνωφελὲς κατ' οἶκον ἰδρῦται γυνή, "The useless woman sweats about the house."

"*Ipsique in puppibus auro ductores late effulgent, ostroque decori*," "The captains themselves glitter from afar, decorated with gold and purple on their sterns."

"*Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*," "And the Britons with tails separated from the whole world."

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,  
Hector had caught three hundred Trojan mice.

"*Pateram gravem*," "A heavy father." "*Suo lateri assidere jussit*," "He ordered him to sit down on his tile." "*Sequitur non passibus æquis*," (1) "He follows with impassive horses," (2) "Through rough passes." "*Si adeptus foret*," "If he had been adapted for it."

Quos ego dilexi fraterno more sodales,  
Companions that I have loved more than a brother.

"*Trepidos cives*," "Three-footed citizens." "*Cæsar cohortatus suos*," "Cæsar having drawn up his men into cohorts." "*Pilumnusque illi quartus pater*," "And Pilumnus his four father."

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet,  
She wears a thousand adornments, she wears one thousand two hundred.

"*Durataque solo nives*," "And snows hardened by the sun."

Dura navis,  
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli,  
The hard ship, and the hardship of flight and war.

"*Regio victu atque cultu vitam agebant*," "They lived in a conquered and cultivated land." "*Vitaverat mortem*," "He had survived death."

Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem,  
And all things portend immediate death by poison.

"*Sedesque discretas piorum,*" "Reserved seats for the pious." *ὁ ἀθέωτος πόσι,* "I do not groan for my husband." "*Le mille romain était de mille pas,*" "The Roman mile was not a mile."

It is chiefly in translations such as these that the eccentric show their wit. Now and then they are good in composition, as thus, "He complained that he was ill-used," "*Questus est se illusum esse.*" "He swears that this is true," "*Damnat hæc vera esse.*"

Sometimes they are good as catechumens, e.g.:—

Q. "What is a dependent sentence?"

A. "One that hangs on by its clause."

Q. "Derive *Pontifex*."

A. "From *Pons*, a bridge, as we say *Arch* bishop."

The following "character of Gideon" will repay examination. It is curiously ingenious, though very absurd. "Gideon was a true unbelieving Jew. Still he was a good man, though rather idolatrous."

This random collection of scholastic jests shall be concluded with two remarks. One has been made before, viz., that a large majority of these *facetiae* are to the writer's knowledge genuine. He believes them all to be so, and has refrained from adding to the list others, the genuineness of which, though perhaps not doubtful, is not within his own personal knowledge. Who shall say, then, that a schoolmaster's life can never be amusing?

Secondly, these jokes lose much of their flavour when thus printed one after another. Think how refreshing to the wearied examiner, sitting up half the night to look over papers, to come now and then across an oasis of this kind in the desert of stupidly correct or stupidly incorrect performances. In form, too, think how much the humour of the thing is enhanced by the innocent, or puzzled, or conceited, or sheepish, or desperate look of the victim as he utters his follies. Think how tickling the inappropriateness, the semi-impropriety, of these utterances in a scene where a certain amount of decorum must be observed, and then consider whether the hours spent by a schoolmaster in school have not their amusing side. He is like some of the books he uses. He combines amusement with instruction.

J. H. RAVEN.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A MONK'S DAILY LIFE.

WE have all some faint poetical, pictorial, or theatrical notion of monks. Ribera at the National Gallery shows us how they prayed with wan faces, half-darkened with the shadowing cowl. Sir Walter Scott has sketched them in a hundred picturesque ways before altars and beside graves. Novelists have given us many a good monk, and checkmated us with many a wicked one. In volume after volume we have had the murderous monk, the robber monk, the hermit monk, the bibulous monk, the felonious monk, and the poisoning monk, and yet, after all, we know very little how monks really lived, or how they spent their hours. We are apt to forget that the duties of monastic life were very varied—that there was scope in the abbey and the priory for intellects of all degrees—that there were as many sorts of employment within a monastery as there are in a modern factory, and that monastic establishments were, as a rule, admirably governed, and conducted in a business-like way.

Let us take, first, the sacristan. It was his duty to provide bread and wine, and wax lights for the high altar and the chantry chapels. He kept a tun of wine at a time in his exchequer, which was sometimes (as in Durham Cathedral) in the aisle of the church. He had to go his rounds daily, see to the great stained glass windows, and inspect the leaden roof; he had also to mind that the bells were sound, and the bell-ropes safe, and he attended the scrubbing and washing of the church. He spent many hours, we may be sure, on roof and tower, and in the dusty belfry among the bells, with none but the whirling martins witness of his peering watchfulness. The sacristan had also the responsible duty of nightly pacing nave and aisle, and locking up the keys of every shrine, which were required to be laid ready for the priests of each altar between seven and eight A.M. Severe punctilious men, no doubt, these sacristans were, with a due sense of the rich jewels and golden plate of the altars they locked up, and never tired of turning their torches or lanterns on dark corners where felons might lurk in ambush for gem-adorned pix or gilded chalice. To the sacristan the bishop, on his installation, always solemnly confided the great keys of the cathedral.

Then there was the chamberlain, sometimes a prebendary, who provided the

linsey-wolsey shirts and sheets for the monks. He kept tailors at work, to make their woollen socks and underclothing; he was overseer over the dormitory, and kept it supplied with beds, linen, and towels; he found shoes and gowns for the monks; and provided for the accommodation of that ceaseless flood of guests who poured into monasteries in the ages before hotels.

The cellarer was a red-faced person, more busy with pots and pans than psalm-book or breviary; addicted to diving into subterranean cellars, and coming up repeating a holy text and wiping his blushing lips; he had charge of all the brimming granaries, bursting store-houses, and odoriferous cellars of the monastery. It was he who solemnly doled out flour to the bake-house, malt to the brewery, salt meat to the kitchen, cheese, wine, and beer to the refectory, hay to the stables, and wood to the ovens; and he had many obsequious, grumbling, and thirsty servants under him.

The hospitalarius (hostler) presided in the guest-hall, and attended to the wants of pilgrims, and, indeed, of all strangers.

To the almoner was confided the distribution of the loaves and other alms of the monastery to the jostling and quarrelling poor. Every cathedral was trustee for endless bequests of this kind. There was also the pittancer, who gave out all pittances or bequests for extra allowances and indulgences to the brotherhood, on the seven great festivals or the anniversaries of founders, when the convent held back its regular commons. To quote Mr. Valentine Green, the pittancer was, in academic phrase, "the furnisher of the gaudies." The pittancer had also a good deal of country riding, for all the live cattle of the convent were under his care.

The prior's chaplain had, besides his prayers, to act as steward to the prior. He received all the broad gold pieces paid to the prior by his tenants and purchased for him his fur robes, his pouches, shoes, and general raiment. He had to look after the hall-furniture, and to see that the prior's servants were honest, diligent, and good-tempered. He sometimes kept the prior's plate and treasure, and, in such cases, always gave it out and personally received it again. He had the right to engage and pay off all the prior's gentlemen and yeomen, and it was his duty to discharge (when he could) all the prior's debts.

There was often attached to a monastery an officer who was called the master of the common room. His duty (in Dur-

ham Priory) was to provide figs, nuts, and spices to comfort and console the digestions of the monks when worn out by the prayers and austerities of Lent, and to keep constant fire in the common room, so that the brothers might warm themselves whenever they pleased. It was his duty to always have a hogshead of wine ready for the use of the brothers, especially for the "*O Sapientia*," or annual festival between Martinmas and Christmas, when the prior and convent were modestly feasted on cakes and ale.

But, leaving the farm-servants, the shepherds, the swineherds, the red-faced cooks, etc., we must pass to the convent barber. Whether he was as nimble, gossiping, and sly as Figaro, or whether he was subdued by the cloister gloom into a sort of mere humble ecclesiastic, quite chapfallen, without joke or jibe, except in surreptitious whispers to younger brothers, we know not, but this is certain, that all his avocations were not of the liveliest, for in some monasteries at least it was his province to act as undertaker and grave-digger to the whole convent. It was his special duty, we are told, for instance, when a grave and reverend prior died to put boots on the corpse and to wind it in a cowl. He had to remove the body, immediately after death, from the prior's lodgings to the terrible apartment in the infirmary called "the dead man's chamber." The night before a funeral, the barber with assistants helped to remove the body again from the dead man's chamber to a chapel opposite, where it was watched all night by the alms-children of the convent, who read David's Psalms over the waxen corpse, while the monks sat bowed at its feet mourning silently. The next morning there was a solemn funeral service in the chapter room, amid fumes of incense and waving censers, and then the sable procession moved on in funeral march, through the prior's parlour into the cemetery garth of the monastery, where many previous priors, good and bad, lay under their grand marble stones. The barber had to take due care to lay on the prior's cold breast a silver or waxen chalice, and his own bed was generally held over the body by four monks, up to the edge of the grave.

The tumbary had care of the tombs, and probably received and accounted for the offerings on the various shrines. This post was in the gift of the bishop.

The precentor or chanter was a very pope among the chorister-boys. He had the direction of the whole choral service.



He provided the missals and anthem-books, and saw to the repair of the organs. He was also the librarian and registrar of the convent, penned warrants and letters for the chapter, and had custody of the abbey seal. The precentor had also the supervision of the scriptorium or transcribing-room (in Worcester, a glazed-in part of the cloister) where the novices copied MSS. There is at present, in the library of Benet College, Cambridge, a very fine manuscript Bible in folio on vellum, clearly and beautifully written, which was copied in Worcester scriptorium in the reign of Henry II. The salary of a precentor, prior to 1314, was about 40s. per annum.

At Worcester there was also a magister capellæ, who it is supposed presided over the priests of the chapels in the cathedral, particularly St. Mary's and the infirmary.

The bell-ringers were sometimes employed in cleaning the church, and taking care of the church-vestments and the church-plate. They slept over the vestry, or in some little rooms leading out of the aisles. It was the care of these men to brush those great masses of cloth-of-gold and rich coloured needlework which were worn by the abbots and bishops of the Middle Ages, and to polish those bowls and chalices that were sent by wagon-loads to the goldsmith's furnace at the Reformation.

Of the social importance of the coquinarius or kitchener no one can dispute who knows how often, when other vices are checked, the old Adam breaks out in gluttony. That fact is seen every day among "temperance" missionaries. The coquinarius had to roast the venison haunch, devise the "subtleties" of the dessert for the abbot, and frame the marchpanes and scented delicacies of powdered almond in fashion in the Middle Ages. It appears from the records of Evesham Abbey that he also marketed and bought meat and fish for the convent. He probably also hired the inferior cooks, and ruled the whole hot region of the kitchen with a rod of iron,—the spit.

Those important officers—the stern sub-prior, the pompous sacristan, the red-faced cellarer, the polite chamberlain, the courteous hospitalarius, the mild almoner, the cheery pittancer, the jolly coquinarius, the mournful infirmarius (who superintended the sick monks, provided physic and all necessities, and washed and dressed the bodies for burial), the enthusiastic precentor, the stately master of

the chapel, and the watchful tumbarius were called obedientaries, and were the principal fixed officers of the monastery under the prior. Imagine any morning of the week, at the same hour, the sacristan counting out huge candles for a Candlemas festival, the chamberlain giving out robes to the monks, the almoner doling his alms to a hungry crowd, the pittancer buying his fowls and pigeons for a gaudy day, the coquinarius cutting up a fat deer, the infirmarius feeling the pulse of a sick brother, the barber shaving a long-locked novice, the tumbarius watching the repair of a knight's tomb, and our readers will see that the monk's life was neither a dull, a monotonous, nor an idle one, and that there was scope in a monastery for many tastes, tempers, and degrees of intellect.

The monk's life, we hold from these facts, was by no means necessarily an inactive one. If no student, and incapable of unceasing return to prayer and praise, the energetic monk had many openings for his surplus energy. He could sweep the church or toll the great bells; he could learn masonry, and study the structure of those beautiful arches which he helped to raise; or if of a financial turn there were the prior's accounts to keep and rents to regulate. He could cook, or brew, or wash, or dig, or build; he could work in the orchards or assist in the abbot's stables; he could drive the plough or wield the axe; he could visit the poor or tend the leper at the gate; he could lend the infirmary help, dig a grave, or make the robes of the brethren; he could fish for the convent, or tend the fowls and turkeys. For the studious in those wild times, the convent library must have been a foreshadow of paradise; there they could pore over the subtleties of Origen, or the glories of him of the golden mouth; they could spend years over the inexhaustible fathers; or could knot their brains with theological difficulties. The ambitious could study the various modes of attaining ecclesiastical power, and the enthusiast could think himself into trances such as had visited the saints of whom he read.

The monastery treasury, the novices' school, and the singing-school were frequently situated in the cloister, or very near where the dormitory door opened. The rap of the ferule and the cries of the boys, were less disturbing there in the long arched walk where the studious and the contemplative loved to pace till their feet hollowed out the very stones. The abbey treasure was sometimes stored over

the gate-houses. The treasury was grated with iron and had a well-locked and bolted iron door. The chief furniture within was a table of green cloth for telling the money on, whether tenants' rents or pilgrims' gifts. In this treasury was kept the chapel-seal, the deeds and law-papers of the monastery, and also the deeds of gentlemen near the town who thought them safer there than in their own houses. The cloister porter prevented strangers interrupting the novices in their school, and the singing-classes in theirs. Prayers were read daily at six A.M. in the cloister school, except on Sundays and holidays.

The dormitory frequently opened on one side of the cloister. Here the tired monks came to dream of saints and martyrs, and sometimes no doubt of ghastly temptations that excelled even St. Anthony's wildest nightmares. Among the Benedictines at least every monk in the convent dormitory had a little chamber to himself, with a window towards the chapter-house. Each room contained a desk and supply of books.

The dormitory at Worcester was 120 feet long and 60 feet wide, a vaulted stone roof being supported by five large pillars. It was at first an open hall, presenting to the eye of the sub-prior, who was keeper of the dormitory, the whole range of beds at one view. In later ages the monks had their cells divided, in strict convents monks slept in all their day-clothes, not even removing their girdles. The spital or lodging for poor travellers and pilgrims was sometimes over one of the gates of the cloister.

The novices' dormitory also faced the cloister, and every novice had a chamber to himself. At each end of the long dormitory there were often a dozen cressets or fire-baskets burning, to light the monks when they arose more or less reluctantly. Every night, at a certain hour, the sub-prior's footsteps were heard on the stairs, it being the custom for him to see that every cell contained its monk, that peace and good-will prevailed, and that there was no dicing, carding, or brawling going on.

The sub-prior generally sat at dinner and supper with the brethren, and when supper was over, and the bell rang for grace, which was always repeated modestly by one of the novices, the sub-prior then rose and left the head of the table, and went to the chapter-house to meet the prior, and spend the time with him in prayer and devotion till six o'clock. At that hour a bell, no doubt much detested

by the novices, rang, and all the doors of cells, frater-house, dormitory and cloister were at once locked, and the keys delivered to the sub-prior, not to be surrendered by him to the punctual janitor till seven o'clock the next morning.

The monks' dining-hall, sometimes called the loft, was above the convent cellar. The meal was served from the great kitchen in through the dresser-window. A novice mounted a pulpit and read from the Gospels while the brethren dined. Immediately after dinner the novices in some convents rose and went to the garden or the bowling-alley, where their master attended to preserve order and decorum. Then the older monks ascended and paced through the cloisters under the prior's lodgings to the quiet cemetery garth, where the dead lay, and there stood bare-headed for a space, praying softly among the grassy and mossy tombs for the souls of their past brethren. It was a pious custom, though no doubt among unworthy brothers and in lukewarm times, it sometimes became a mere burdensome formula.

Good monks must always have been numerous we know; still what a picture Chaucer gives us of the monks of Edward III.'s reign! What sensual, guzzling cattle he makes the monks and friars, and their greedy retainers the summoners. Stewards for the poor! Stomachs only for fat capon and stubble goose. How they canter about and philander and hawk, and bellow forth ribald jests; no more serving God than the lowest attorney does who grinds down the widow and orphan to make his bread. No devotion among them; no abnegation of self, only the pride of Belial and gross sensual indulgence. Servants of Christ, indeed! rather slaves of Asmodeus and Mammon.

Look at the monk in the Canterbury pilgrimage, who loved drinking, and had many a dainty horse in his stable; and when he rode, the jingling bells on his bridle sounded as clear and loud in the whistling wind as the bell of the monk's own chapel. This was the precious monk who let old things go, and who held fast and close to the mere world, the flesh, and the devil. The saying that "hunters are not holy men" he cared no more for than for a pullet hen. He was an arrant prickspur, and had greyhounds swift of foot after the hare, and for them he spared no money. He was no sackcloth-wearing grimy monk. He was a dandy. His sleeves were trimmed at the hand with the finest fur in the land, and a curious pin of

gold, fashioned like a love-knot, fastened the humbug's hood under his chin. His bald head shone like glass, his face glowed as if it had been anointed, for he was a fat lord and in good case, his deep-sunk eyes rolled in his head, that steamed as a furnace of lead. His boots were supple, his nut-brown palfrey was in first-rate order. He was not pale like a tormented ghost, this worthy monk, but loved a roast swan before any dish.

Nor is the friar who rode near this monk one whit nobler or purer. He, too, was riding in the district where he had license to beg. Many a marriage he had paid for at his own cost, and is hand-in-glove with half the rich franklins (gentlemen farmers) in his country, and also with many women. He was a licentiate of his order; pleasant was his absolution and easy his penance, and he used to boast that he had more power to confess than the curate himself. The great sign of repentance with him was a good gift: some silver to the poor friars was in his opinion worth all the tears ever shed. His tippet was stuffed full of pretty little presents for fair wives. He sang and played well. His neck was as white as a lily, he was stalwart as a champion, and in every town well he knew the taverns, and cared more for sly hostler and gay tapster than poor leper or shivering beggar. He cared not for such cattle, but preferred rich men and "sellers of vitaille;" and yet this rogue he could be courteous and deprecating, and was avowedly the best beggar in all his house. If a poor widow had only one shoe he would get a farthing out of her, on arbitration days. He was no poor cloisterer with threadbare cope, like a poor scholar, but he looked a very pope; his semicope was of double worsted, and for very wantonness he lisped —

To make his English sweet upon his tongue;

and when he harped and he sang his eyes twinkled in his head like stars on a frosty night.

Then how dark Chaucer's colours grow when he sketches that tool of the monks, the rascally summoner. Look at him, with his fire-red pimply cherubim head. His coarse brows are thick, and his beard scurvy and thin. Quicksilver, litharge, brimstone, borax, ceruse, and oil of tartar, nothing could cure those pimples. Right well loved this summoner onions, leeks, and garlic; and right well he relished the strong wines red as blood. Then he would shout as he were mad, and when the wine

was well in his head not a word would he speak. Doubtless he had a few phrases that he had learned out of some decree, and as a jay can chatter, and aye "*Quæstio quid juris*" would he cry. Yet he was a good worthy fellow, and for a quart of wine would pardon many an offence. He had at his control the youth of the diocese, and was in their councils. This worthy summoner wore a garland on his head, as large as for a maypole, and he carried a big cake for a buckler.

Then, ye honest but misguided Ritualists, only read Chaucer's description of the pardoner (seller of indulgences) who rides beside the summoner. He was just fresh from Rome, and sang loudly the popular love-ditty, "Come, hither, love, to me," and to that ditty the summoner sang in deep chorus. The pardoner had yellow hair that hung smooth as flax over his shoulders. He wore no hood, but kept it in his wallet; and rode bare and dishevelled. His eyes stared like a hare's; he had got a handkerchief from Rome miraculously stained with the figure of Christ; his wallet lay on his lap, brimful of pardons hot from the pope. His voice was small as a goat's; he had no beard, his chin was smooth as it were new-shaven. Yet after all there was no pardoner like him from Berwick to Ware. In his mail he carried a pillow-case, which he said was Our Lady's veil, and he swore that he had a fragment of the sail of the boat in which Saint Peter went upon the sea of Galilee to meet Christ. He had a brass cross, full of sham stones, and in a glass he kept pigs' bones. With these remarkable relics, whenever he found a credulous poor person, he got more money in a day than the parson got in two months; and thus with flattery and humbug he made the parson and his people his puppets. But, after all, says the inimitable old poet, he was in church "a noble ecclesiast." He could read well a lesson or a story, and best of all he sang the offertory, for that was what brought in the silver, and therefore he sang merry and loud indeed.

That our poet's satire had a foundation in observed facts we cannot possibly doubt; though a satirical picture is far from being a representation of the whole truth.

The following extracts from the rules of the grey or Franciscan friars serve very well to show the original high ideal of the order. The treatment of candidates' wives is perhaps somewhat monastic in its severity, but how can men know the charm of ties which they have never felt? The many possible abuses hinted at

prove to us the evils to which the system had given rise.

1. They are to keep the holy gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ living in obedience, without anything they can call their own, and in chastity. Brother Francis promises obedience and respect to our Lord Pope N. and his successors canonically promoted, and to the Church of Rome. And the other brothers shall be obliged to obey Brother Francis, and his successors.

2. The provincial ministers alone shall receive candidates for admission into the order, and shall examine them diligently as to the Catholic faith and ecclesiastical sacraments. And if they believe all these things, and will faithfully confess and observe the same to the end, and that they have no wives, or if they have, their wives will also go into monasteries, or else they give them leave, having made a vow of continency, by the authority of the bishop of the diocese; and that the wives are of such an age as that there may be no cause to suspect them; let them pronounce to them the word of the holy gospel, viz., that they go and sell all that they have, and take care to bestow the same on the poor, which, if they cannot do, their goodwill shall suffice.

6. All the brothers are to be clad in mean habits, and may blessedly mend them with sacks and other pieces; whom I admonish and exhort that they do not despise or censure such men as they see clad in curious and gay garments, and using delicate meats and drinks, but rather let every one judge and despise himself.

8. The brethren are to be meek, peaceable, modest, mild, and humble.

9. They are not to ride unless some manifest necessity or infirmity oblige them.

10. Whatsoever house they go into they shall first say, "Peace be unto this house;" and according to the gospel, it shall be lawful for them to eat of all meats that are set before them.

11. I firmly enjoin all the brothers that they upon no account receive any money, either by themselves or by a third person. However, to supply the necessities of the sick, and for clothing of the other brothers, special care shall be taken by means only of the minister's particular friends, and the guardians, according to times and places, and cold countries, as they shall find necessity requires; saving always, as has been said, that they receive no money.

21. The brothers are strictly commanded to keep no suspicious company, or to be familiar with women, or to go into the monasteries of nuns, excepting those who have special license granted them from the See Apostolick. Nor that they do not become gossips of nuns or women, lest upon this account there arise any scandal among the brethren or upon the brothers.

The Benedictines were obliged to perform their devotion seven times within

four-and-twenty hours. At cock-crowing, or the NOCTURNALS: this service was performed at two o'clock in the morning. The reason for pitching upon this hour was taken partly from David's saying, "*At midnight I will praise the Lord,*" and partly from a tradition of our Saviour's rising from the dead about that time. MATINS: these were said at the first hour, or according to our computation, at six o'clock. At this time the Jewish morning sacrifice was offered. The angels likewise were supposed to have acquainted the women with our Saviour's resurrection about this time. The TIERCE: which was at nine in the morning, when our Saviour was condemned and scourged by Pilate. The SEXTE, or twelve at noon. The NONES, or three in the afternoon: at this hour it is said our Saviour gave up the ghost; besides which circumstance, it was the time for public prayer in the temple of Jerusalem. VESPERS at six in the afternoon; the evening sacrifice was then offered in the Jewish temple, and our Saviour is supposed to have been taken down from the cross at this hour. The COMPLINE: this service was performed after seven, when our Saviour's agony in the garden, it is believed, begun. The monks going to bed at eight had six hours to sleep before the NOCTURNE began; if they went to bed after that service it was not, as we understand, reckoned a fault, but after matins they were not allowed that liberty. At the tolling of the bell for prayers the monks were immediately to leave off their business; and herein the canon was so strict, that those who copied books, or were clerks in any business, and had begun a text-letter were not allowed to finish it. Those who were employed abroad about the business of the house were presumed to be present and excused other duties; and that they might not suffer by being elsewhere they were particularly recommended to the divine protection. The monks were obliged to go always two together; this was done to guard their conduct, and to prompt them to good thoughts, and furnish them with a witness to defend their behaviour. From Easter to Whitsuntide the primitive Church observed no fasts; at other times the religious were bound to fast till three o'clock on Wednesdays and Fridays, but the twelve days in Christmas were excepted in this canon. Every day in Lent they were enjoined to fast till six in the evening. During this solemnity they shortened their refreshment, allowed fewer hours for sleep, and spent

more time in their devotions; but they were not permitted to go into voluntary austerities without leave from the abbot. They were not to talk in the refectory at meals, but hearken to the Scriptures read to them at that time. The septimarians, so called from their weekly offices of readers, waiters, cooks, etc., were to dine by themselves after the rest. Those who were absent about business had the same hours of prayer prescribed, though not the same length of devotion. Those sent abroad, and expected to return at night, were forbidden to eat till they came home; but this canon was sometimes waived.

In the case of monks there were many modes resorted to to evade the rules. The language of signs was adopted, and a perfect system of the motions of the hands was as thoroughly systematized in convents as among our modern deaf and dumb. A horizontal wave of the hand indicated a fish; a movement of the finger and thumb, like turning over a leaf, reading, etc.

From the laws of Worcester, Lincoln, and Gloucester, we gather that certain existing evils are implied by its being forbidden to monks to return to the refectory from the dormitory to drink and gossip. No woman was to be introduced into the infirmary without special license from the sub-prior. Immoderate potations were forbidden there, proving that they sometimes did take place in that locality. No brother was allowed, unless in presence of his officer, to eat elsewhere when he had once dined or supped in the refectory. Any brother who had a double pittance of food was allowed to sell or give it away without license from the sub-prior. There was always to be reading at meals, and no speaking but in a low voice, or in Latin; and on fish days no extra refreshments were to be taken out of the refectory except by the old or sick who had obtained dispensation. Monks being forbidden by the Council of Vienna (Clement V.) to hunt or hawk, no monk was to keep hunting dogs or birds of prey. All fine and showy dresses were prohibited as a scandal to religion, and unbecoming men of one brotherhood.

The almsmen of a convent were generally old servants of the monastery or disabled servants. There was usually a prior appointed to overlook these almsmen, who wore black gowns and hoods, given them every year on the Feast of St. John the Baptist. They carried large rosaries, and had the arms of the monastery broided on their right shoulders.

On their entry into their order these almsmen gave their beads to be consecrated, and then swore to sacredly observe all the secrets of the monastery.

The monk's service of the canonical hours originally consisted of eight divisions, four for night and four for day, but in the Saxon times they were reduced to seven, to follow Psalm cxix., verse 164—"Seven times a day I praise thee," and partly perhaps to reduce the labour. At matins were said the Paternoster, Ave Maria, Credo, the Invitatorium of the day and its psalms. On double and semi-double feasts nine psalms with their antiphons and verses, with as many lessons and eight responses. Lauds consisted of a hymn, *Te Deum*, the psalms of the day, the Capitulum, hymn, canticles, and Benedictus with its antiphon. Prime, thirds, sixths, and nones had all their special differences. The choral regulations of Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, who compiled a general rubric with all necessary details of the choral service, became generally used in English cathedrals, so that the Bishop of Salisbury claimed the privilege of acting as precentor to the college of bishops whenever the Archbishop of Canterbury celebrated divine service.

The rules of Sarum required all clerks, without exception, to wear black copes during the whole year, except on double feasts, when there were processions. On the vigil of Easter, when the "Gloria in Excelsis" burst forth, the clerks, after making their genuflexions, threw off their black copes, and appeared in white surplices. The same custom also prevailed at the vigil of Pentecost. At all single feasts from Easter to Michaelmas surplices were worn in choir and at all hours. The regulations of the choir were always to wear silk copes and red habits on both feasts of the Holy Cross, and at every feast of a martyr, also at all single feasts during Lent, and on the Passion and Palm Sunday.

It is probable, from various allusions in monkish chronicles, that the elder and superannuated monks were troublesome in convents, dictatorial, finding fault, and frequently missing "the daily sacrifice." For such misconduct the offender had to receive his pardon in chapter, prostrate before the dean and canons; and if guilty of disobedience and rebellion the offender was sometimes degraded from his state, and compelled to stand in humiliating penance at the door of the choir behind the dean, or in the choir amongst the lowest of the boys.



The consumption of candles in the old cathedrals must have kept the wax-chandlers the most devout of men. In the Sarum rules we find such directions as the following: "Among the 'duties of the treasurer,' he is to provide on Advent Sunday, both at vespers and matins, and at mass, four wax lights—namely, two above the altar, and two others on the step before the altar. The same on Palm Sunday. All other Sundays of the year, and whenever the choir is regulated and the Invitatorium is said by two, he is to supply two others; at mass and on all Sundays, four; on Christmas-day, at vespers, and at mass, eight each of a pound at least about the altar; and two before the image of the Blessed Mary. At matins the same, and six besides, on the elevation before the relics and crucifix, and the images there placed; and on the chandelier "corona" before the step, five of half a pound at least. Five also are to be placed on the wall behind the desk for reading the lessons. The same is to be observed in all double feasts, with processions, from Whitsuntide to the nativity of the Blessed Mary."

The punishment of monks guilty of any offence was severe, but if the whole convent was committing the same crime, as often happened, they escaped all harm. At the weekly chapter an accuser would often stand up and say, "I accuse Brother — of —." The accused monk made no answer, but at once left his seat and advanced to the abbot, bowing. The accuser then simply stated his charge. If guilty, the accused man at once asked pardon, and confessed his fault. If not guilty, he replied that he did not remember to have done what Brother — affirmed. The accuser bowed and returned to his seat, and then called the witnesses. A reprimanded monk stood in a central place in the room, called "the judgment," and when the final sentence was pronounced he bowed and retired to his seat. If condemned to receive discipline, the culprit was sometimes stripped to the waist, seated in a chair, and then beaten with a rod. During the discipline the monks hung down their heads. A hand-bell, according to Du Cange, was sometimes hung behind the delinquent. For other offences convicted monks had to carry large lanterns for penance, stood with arms expanded in the form of the cross, or sat down on chairs in the middle of the choir, walked barefoot to the cross, repeated penitential psalms, and joined in penitentiary processions. For other of-

fences monks were banished from the dinner-table, sent to coventry, and compelled to publicly prostrate themselves. For extreme faults a keeper was appointed to the prisoner, and whenever the bell rung for divine service the culprit had to remain prostrate at the gate of the convent, and bow to every one who passed. As the order left the church the prostration was renewed, and the monks, as they passed their abject brother, said each one, "Lord, have mercy upon you." After various disciplines at several chapters, promise of amendment, and the intercession of his brothers, the offender was at last pardoned. In some cases a monk was sent to board at another convent for a certain term. In the lesser excommunications the offenders had to fast on bread and water purposely defiled, or were kept in church during dinner till the abbot sent the prior to summon them.

Among the amusements of the monks we must include the Feast of Fools and the Feast of Asses, when there was much noisy buffoonery and inconsistent horse-play, and they acted those religious plays which presented vivid pictures of biblical events to the eyes of the poor. In these representations the monks' pent-up minds found, as it were, a secret way to the drama.

And now, after these brief scenes of monkish life, let us end with the last scene of all that ends "this strange eventful history." At the death of a monk the news of the event was at once forwarded to all neighbouring religious houses, of whatever order. The body was at once washed and clothed in the hood, cloak, and cowl, and carried to the church, the bearers singing psalms, and the bell tolling. There was no great delay about the funeral ceremonies; he was usually buried the day he died, after mass and before dinner. If it was found difficult to keep up the psalm-singing, the body was buried almost immediately.

The ceremonies observed during the day's vigil were numerous. A cross was placed at the head of the corpse, and lighted tapers stood at the head and feet; on the breast was a chalice of wax or silver; the body was anointed on a stone table in the infirmary, and it was censed by the deacon. The abbot absolved the corpse after a sermon to the chapter, silence was preserved in the cloister, the grave and corpse were sprinkled with holy water, and a written absolution was placed on the breast of the deceased.

And so passed away the poor brother,

in most cases only too well rid of this tearful and miserable world, and of an enslaved and unnatural if not altogether wasted life.

Whatever were the vices of those great armies of celibates who fought the battle of the Church during the Middle Ages, whatever their ambition, voluptuousness, gluttony, and avarice, their greatest enemy must own that we owe them much for the learning they hoarded, the education they encouraged, the charity they displayed, and the buildings they reared. Who can stand up and say that the builders of such churches as York Minster and Salisbury Cathedral were mere half-transmuted pagans? Was there no worship of the soul in the men who reared that pile and raised those towers—who hollowed those cloisters and carved those altars?

It is not for us to point out the faults of those men. Who are we, to judge of their vices or their sins? It is a sufficient proof that the monastic system was a necessary phase of Christianity that the monastic system existed. It was not the finger of a poor monk that could stop the rolling world. These convents were the fortresses of piety; their system was the reaction of sword-law, violence, and rapine. St. Bernard and King John, Rochester and Penn, St. Paul and Tiberius, Wesley and Wilkes, such are the typified reactions of every age. The very pastimes of these men were useful to ourselves. From the madness of alchemy sprang modern chemistry; from the dreams of astrology the certainties of astronomy. Faraday and Chaucer's "Cheat with the Alembec," Galeotti and Newton, had still something in common. To the monks' scholastic theology we owe the preservation of Aristotle; and the labours of their copiers saved Homer and Plato from the fate of Ennius and Sappho. Their ideal was too perfect for our nature yet. They were the first missionaries and the first colonizers—the defenders of the serf, the educators of the poor. The monk and the knight were necessary phases of a civilization dangerous and ridiculous only when their use was past. Every nation has given its art some peculiar attribute of divinity. That of the Mexican was terror, that of the Greek beauty, of the Egyptian repose, of the Assyrian power, of the monks love. Their faults were of their age. We should no more complain of St. Bernard preaching the crusade than we should of Elizabeth fill-

ing her prisons with the Jesuits, of Cromwell burning the priest, or Calvin drowning the Anabaptist.

For the majority of honest monks the convent was no doubt the whole world, and the cathedral a threshold of heaven. On that high altar, fifty years before, they had made their vow, by that altar they knelt on the eve of death; those huge windows, like the blazoned doors of paradise, had cast on their choir-books half a century of light and shadow. By this shrine they knelt the day when Brother Jerome died. In that cloister they used to pace together, and the greenest spot in the garth is where he lies, waiting for his old comrades in good works. Those great bells in the tower for them had the voices of friends.

Let us be satisfied by owning, then, that the monks were, after all, good and bad like other men, and that they led a more varied and useful life than has been generally imagined. It could not have been a wholly dissolute and selfish class from which such men as Chaucer's good parson sprang. When we read of the dregs of the convent, let us not forget those beautiful lines which paint a man who might have been a friend of Goldsmith's honest vicar.

A good man ther was of religioun,  
That was a poure persone of a town :  
But rich he was of holy thought and werk.  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,  
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.  
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
And in adversite ful patient.  
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,  
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,  
In sicknesse and in mischief to visite  
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite.  
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf,  
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
That first he wrought and afterwards he taught.

He was a shepherd and no mercenarie,  
And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
He was to sinful men not dispitious,  
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,  
But in his learning discrete and benigne.  
To drawn folk to heaven, with fairenesse,  
By good example was his businesse :  
But it were any persone obstinat,  
What so he were of highe or low estat,  
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones,  
A better priest I trowe that nowther non is.  
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,  
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,  
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
HE TAUGHT, BUT FIRST HE FOLOWED IT  
HIMSELVE.

W. T.

From The Spectator.  
 MISQUOTATION.

WE have read somewhere of a young preacher who, after he had delivered an eloquent sermon before a learned assembly, was beckoned aside by one of the "fathers," who thus addressed him:—"Mr. So-and-So, twice in your sermon to-day you quoted Scripture, and oddly enough, in both instances, you misquoted. You didn't alter the sense of the passages, to be sure, but you used a sort of off-hand translation of your own, instead of the grand old 'Authorized Version.' Take an old man's advice, and never do so again. When you quote from a writer, whether sacred or profane, always be at the pains to verify the quotation." Misquotation is not, however, limited to energetic pulpiteers. In the hurry of modern requirements—daily newspapers, magazines, and reviews—it has become rather an unfashionable thing to be tied by rule, and authors of repute, whose example may prove infectious, clearly do not condescend to verify, and often fall into dangerous forms of paraphrase. Emerson says that "there are great ways of borrowing," and that "next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it;" but he cannot have meant to give any sanction for a gypsy-like disfiguration in the process of transference. It is because things have come to a very bad pass indeed, even among those who should know better and show better, that we venture to give a few samples, culled from a very long list of recent offences against all ethics of quotation.

Mrs. Oliphant, usually a very conscientious writer, is far from blameless in this matter. For example, one of the most unlucky of recent citations ran right through all the forms her pleasant "Rose in June" enjoyed, and is now elevated even to the glory of stereotype in the cheap edition. It is one of Tennyson's finest lines. To dying eyes—

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;

but to the dying eyes of Mr. Damerel, the rector, on his own statement,

The casement slowly grows, a *glittering* square, which really it could not well help being, and, moreover, the cruel comma after "grows" makes the line still more grotesque. The late Canon Kingsley was not seldom an offender in similar wise. His memory was good, but not verbally exact; and latterly, at all events, he was indis-

posed to the tedious process of verification. So we find him, in his last published volume, making Wordsworth say,—

There was a roaring *in the woods* all night, when Wordsworth wrote "in the wind," and when the word "woods" coming in a rhyme immediately afterwards would have made it extremely awkward. A more unfortunate instance still is his paraphrase of Tennyson's famous lines:—

The old order changes, giving place to the new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 the first line having lost all rhythm and lapsed into awkward prose.

But of all recent offenders, Mrs. Charles, the accomplished author of "The Schönborg-Cotta Family," who cunningly combines a faint odour of Evangelicalism with a certain mystical breadth, is decidedly among the worst. You can hardly open a book of hers but they leap into your eyes, as the French say. She has furniture

too bright and good  
 For common nature's daily food,

which is hardly allowable, even though the copulative "and" be consciously used for "or," and "common" for "human." Furniture as food is surely a refinement far beyond the native simplicity of Wordsworth! Over and above her unquestioned facility of misquotation, however, this lady has an almost unique power of theological perversion. When she is in the very act of proving God's oneness of presence through all events and through all time, she makes Mr. Tennyson come to her support, as if he spoke thus of

One divine event,  
 For which the whole creation waits,  
 instead of—

That far-off, divine event,  
 To which the whole creation moves,  
 moving, and not waiting, being the idea she herself wishes to enforce. Worse still—if indeed worse could be—is a case which has just come under our eye as we write, where she credits the laureate with

The hands which come *from* darkness  
 Moulding men,  
 instead of—

And out of darkness came the hands  
 That reach through nature, moulding men.  
 Her rendering is expressive of a sentiment the very reverse of the laureate's and of her own, and would favour a theolo-

gy the antipodes of theirs. German hymns and French memoirs of the pietistic or mystical cast, which she loves so much, all come alike to her; she misquotes them all.

Miss Dora Greenwell is a thoughtful writer; but she grievously offends whenever she quotes. With her

An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry,

becomes, —

As infants crying in the dark,  
As infants crying for the light, etc.

It is lucky that her last volume is not likely to be opened by a certain class of readers, for both "infants" and "in the dark" have, with them, a meaning all their own. Another exquisite verse in her hands becomes, —

Of the moth that shrivels in a useless fire,  
The anguish that subserves another's gain.

It is simple torture to remember the beauty of the original, with this travesty printed before us: —

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Even Shakespeare's hackneyed schoolboy lines escape not, but take on a new colour from her pen: —

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the *rise*, leads on to fortune.

The beautiful couplet, —

How difficult it is to keep  
Heights which the soul is competent to gain,  
becomes with her, —

The heights which man is competent to win,  
Incompetent to keep.

And Mr. Andrew Wilson, the versatile author of the justly praised "Abode of Snow," almost keeps pace with these ladies in his powers of prosifying poetry. By the insertion of *turfs* for *tuffs* in this fine verse from Wordsworth, can there be two opinions that he improves it for the worse? —

Through primrose turfs, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

This may be, and probably is, an error of the press, but Coleridge does not fare much better at Mr. Andrew Wilson's hands. One of the finest touches in the

Chamouni Hymn is reduced to prose. Coleridge wrote: —

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, *unheard*,  
Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene,

in which it will be observed that the silence in the movement of the mighty mass is a pervading idea. But not so with Mr. Andrew Wilson, of "The Abode of Snow." He translates it, —

Oft from whose feet the *mighty* avalanche  
Shoots downward,

which is lame enough truly!

Wordsworth, we may note, fares particularly ill at the hands of later writers. Even Mr. Stopford Brooke, who has done so much to trace out the leading lines of his theology in a lofty spirit, in his last volume of sermons, comes very near to destroying one of the finest touches of theology in his poems. This is how he gives a famous passage from "The Ode to Duty": —

Eternal Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything *more* fair

*Than* is the smile upon thy face;  
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,  
And fragrance in their footing treads;

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the *immortal* heavens, through thee, are  
fresh and strong.

"Immortal" here, instead of "most ancient," does entirely change the sense.

A most curious case, and one of the most original—if any originality can be claimed in misquotation—was that of Mr. John Forster, who gave, in his second volume of Landor's "Life," a facsimile of a letter written in acknowledgment of a visit paid by Dickens and himself to the veteran on his seventy-fifth birthday, in which there occurs the following verse: —

I strove with none, for none was worth my  
strife;

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of Life;  
It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

With the facsimile before his eyes, the word *before*, which has a sweet hint of alliteration became, in Mr. Forster's letter-press copy, "against,"—which is prosaic, incorrect indeed, and such as Landor could hardly have written. Then the pointing is all wrong and common-place. A very characteristic clause of the letter besides is left out in Mr. Forster's copy.

As we write, *Macmillan's Magazine*

for November is laid on our table. We lift it up and glance over its contents. Having been concerned with the niceties of poetic expression, we not unnaturally turn at once to see what "A Lincolnshire Rector" has to say of Virgil and Tennyson, poets of so widely-separated eras. But here misquotations, and mispointings such as destroy accent and sense together, are truly "presences not to be put by," and sadly disturb our enjoyment, all the more, that we feel the worth of many of "A Lincolnshire Rector's" remarks. A fine stanza of "Locksley Hall" is thus printed, rhyme and music being wholly ruined :—

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks  
the sandy flats,  
And the hollow ocean-ridge roaring into cata-  
racts.

instead of —

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks  
the sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into  
cataracts,

An "s" seems a small matter, but it may dislocate a foot, and "A Lincolnshire Rector" immediately gives a positive illustration by adding "s" to "wave," in this fine couplet from "Maud" :—

Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung  
ship-wrecking roar,  
Now to the scream of a maddened beach  
dragged down by the wave.

But far worse than either of these is this unpardonable botch of quotation from "The Last Tournament" :—

They fired the tower,  
Which half that autumn night like the live  
north  
Red-pulsing up through Alioth and Alior  
Made all above it as the waters Moab saw  
Come round by the east. And out beyond  
them flushed  
The long, low dune and lazy-plunging sea,  
instead of this :—

They fired the tower  
Which half that autumn night, like the live  
North,  
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor  
Made all above it, and a hundred meres  
About it, as the water Moab saw  
Come round by the East, and out beyond them  
flush'd  
The long low dune, and lazy plunging sea.  
Once more, from "The Princess" :—  
The lists were ready — empanoplied and  
plumed,  
We entered in, and waited ; fifty-three

To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blared  
At the barrier — Yet a moment and once more  
The trumpet — and again — at which the  
storm

Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears  
And riders front to front, until they closed  
In the middle, with the crash of shivering  
points,  
And thunder, etc., etc.

Now this punctuation gives the page a look quite unlike Mr. Tennyson's usual contour of blank verse, for dashes, on the whole, he uses sparingly. But this is how we find this passage in all the editions we have access to :—

The lists were ready. Empanoplied and  
plumed

We enter'd in, and waited, fifty-three  
Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared  
At the barrier like a wild horn in a land  
Of echoes, and a moment, and once more  
The trumpet, and again ; at which the storm  
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears  
And riders front to front, until they closed  
In conflict with the crash of shivering points,  
And thunder.

In the exquisite illustrative quotation from "Elaine" a line is omitted :—

And a spear,  
Down-glancing, lamed his charger.

If it should be objected that these are very trifling departures from the text to justify such harsh criticism, let us remind our readers of what Wordsworth inferred from one of Sir Walter Scott's superficially insignificant misquotations from him. "W. Scott quoted as from me," says Wordsworth,—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake  
Floats double, swan and shadow,

instead of *still*, thus obscuring my idea, and betraying his own uncritical principles of composition. Walter Scott is not a careful composer. He allows himself many liberties, which betray a want of respect for his reader. For instance, he is too fond of inversions, *i.e.*, he often places the verb before the substantive, and the accusative before the verb," etc.\*

That versatile writer, the author of "Guy Livingstone," who is always quoting in every language under heaven, at one place gives us the following lines :—

She stood up in bitter case,  
With a pale and steadfast face ;  
Toll slowly,  
Like a statue thunderstrook,  
That, though shivered, seemed to look  
Right against the thunder-place.

\* "Prose Writings." Edited by Rev. A. B. Grosart. Vol. III., p. 462.



But turning to the original, the latest edition, we find it reads thus : —

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet steady face ;

*Toll slowly.*

Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering, seems to look

Right against the thunder-place.

Now, the importance of correct quotation is seen in the impossibility of a statue which has been "shivered" looking, or seeming to look, against anything, and the tense absolutely precludes the idea of "shivering." So Mrs. Browning's delicate and beautiful fancy is wholly lost, and the verse prosified.

These errors — errors of a most flagrant kind — lie at the doors of writers of mark. We do not refer to second-rate magazines, far less to newspapers, — that would be a never-ending task. We may note, however, that, not very long ago, the *Cornhill*, usually very correct, gave as the title of Thackeray's unfinished story "Denis *Donne*," instead of "Denis Duval," and followed it up in a page or two with an unpardonable misquotation ; and only the other week that usually well-edited journal, *Land and Water*, gave the following as the last verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner : " —

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small ;  
For the great God who loveth us,  
He made and loves them all.

To account for such grave misrepresentations of standard poets, whose writings lie ready to the hand of any person of ordinary culture, is not difficult, and two words suffice, — haste and carelessness. It is worth inquiring, however, how it is that, whilst English authors suffer so severely, foreign quotations are usually much more correctly given. The reason is obvious. The writer is then on his guard ; he considers, refers, deems his reputation to be at stake. But a jealousy over our own classics should be paramount, and writers constantly offending by misquotations such as these should be systematically and periodically exposed and piloried.

The enormities of careless citations of prose are as patent, if not more so, and would need a separate celebration. One of the most extraordinary instances on record of clear misreading of an author is perhaps that of Dean Stanley, who, in a sketch of Hooker, quoted the following as characteristic of Hooker's all-including tolerance and geniality : — "I am persuaded

that of them with whom in this cause we strive, there are whose betters would hardly be found, *if they did not live amongst men, but in some wilderness by themselves.*" And the dean actually introduced this quotation by the words, "To the Puritans against whom he wrote he acknowledged that it was impossible to find better men than those who were amongst them." The truth is, that Hooker was so full of calm, unmoved sarcasm, that we sometimes cannot help feeling a little of sympathy with his wife ; and the above is an instance of his cool and irritating attitude, so hiding itself under assumed politeness as to cheat even a master like Dean Stanley. In this case certainly the dean has been a little too facile in forcing men of the old type to illustrate the breadth and ready sympathy which he so admirably illustrates and pleads for. Perhaps a still worse case than the dean's was that of Colonel Wentworth Higginson, author of "Atlantic Essays," who, when speaking of the superiority of American magazines in respect of style, in that they were, as he held, more finished, careful, harmonious, and less slangy, chanced to pounce upon Dean Alford, asking, "What second-rate American writer would see any wit in describing himself, like Dean Alford in his recent book on language, as 'an old party in a shovel' ?" \* Now it happens that Dean Alford *never* did so describe himself, but chose rather in his "Queen's English" to expose the vulgarity of those who lent themselves to such modes of speech, as any one may see by reference to p. 228 of that very interesting, if sometimes opinionated book. But Colonel Wentworth in this illustrates the tendency to that overhastiness in his countrymen which Griswold seriously had to deplore, as doing injury to literature in even more important ways than failing to read your author, a fault in which we, on this side, are but too closely following them.

\* Atlantic Essays, p. 30.

From The Examiner.

MR. STORY'S NERO.\*

MR. STORY, in one of the poems contained in his "*Graffiti d'Italia*" (a collection of dramatic studies and lyrics constructed somewhat after the model of

\* *Nero*. By W. W. Story. London : William Blackwood and Sons.

Mr. Browning), gives us the views of a duke of Urbino descanting as a "contemporary critic," on a letter received from Raffaello, in which are urged the for and against of confining one's self to a single art. This note is again touched lightly in another poem in the same volume, where the diverse jottings contained in the sketch-book of Leonardo da Vinci—that full chord of many tones—are commented on rather disparagingly by the prior of Sta. Maria della Grazie. In the play of "Nero" we find yet another allusion to one "who tries so many forms of art." These expressions in dispraise or support of versatility are especially interesting when viewed in connection with Mr. Story's "varied tasking" of his own mind; for though the passages we have mentioned blend most naturally with their respective contexts, we cannot help half wondering whether they may not be an unconscious vindication (if, indeed, any such were needed) of a perception of the beautiful, which could not satisfy itself with less than sculpture, prose, poetry, and the drama as its outward expression. This versatility is not the graceful dilettanteism whose light ephemeral wings carry it easily from flower to flower with honied but unsubstantial result; rather is it the outcome of a rich fancy and clear realistic perception that cannot with one medium express satisfactorily to itself all that it apprehends and feels.

But please remember, of the famous names,  
Who is there hath confined him to one art,  
Giotto, Da Vinci, or Orcagna? No,—  
Or our great living master, Angelo,—  
They are whole men, whose rounded knowledge  
shames

Our narrow study of a single part;  
Not merely painted, dwarfed in all their aims,  
But men who painted, builded, carved, and  
wrote:

Whole diapasons—not a single note.

One is naturally led to look for reflected light in Mr. Story's different works. In "the perfect statue in its pale repose" we seek for some of that fixed and stationed melody "which lingers dreaming round each subtle line;" in the dramas and verses for some of the perfection of form and sobriety of intensity and passion which he has achieved in his sculpture; or again in the latter for traces of that almost colloquial charm which makes half the value of that very captivating book "*Roba di Roma*." Even were his "Cleopatra" less pre-eminently beautiful as a statue, with its "almost divine imperiousness," there would yet be a deep æsthetic inter-

est in studying this conception of an outward and visible beauty made manifest to the senses in connection with the psychological effect supposed to be produced by it on Marcus Antonius, as described in the dramatic poem. We have selected these two instances as being classical subjects, though not perhaps classically treated, and we now have before us yet another inspiration caught from Italy and the past.

In the play of "Nero" we see few traces of Mr. Story's former work, if we except the colloquial facility, and an utter absence of inflation or fine writing. Remembering all the information and detail contained in "*Roba di Roma*," we are immediately struck by a total absence of any archaisms or apparent erudition in this new drama; and, as if we had here some mental reaction against statuesque passivity and the quiet dignity of repose, we are hurried along by a full narrative which hardly pauses, and by brisk dialogues which are rarely if ever interrupted by soliloquies or disquisitions. All that is said or done by the different characters actively helps forward the action of the piece, and if there are very few scenes or "points" that stand out from the rest for quotation, one is uniformly absorbed and interested. This kind of treatment is eminently realistic, and instinct with life and movement; but though it produces a livelier general effect, it does not afford the same opportunities for dignified beauty and sonorous passages as a more didactic style. We would almost question whether Mr. Story has not selected too large a subject for one dramatic composition; his canvas seems to us so big that the figures appear a little isolated, and we consequently miss that concentrated intensity and completeness which are essential to a great dramatic composition. "Nero" might, we think, be more properly called an historical romance than a play, its personages being far more noticeable for what they do or endure than for what they are. On laying down the book we seem to be in an atmosphere if not of battle at any rate of murder and of sudden death; and even here Nero's death hardly seems the culminating point after Agrippina's and Seneca's and Poppæa's far more piteous fate.

The play extends over some twelve or thirteen years, beginning when Nero—no longer a lad but a man gifted with physical strength and beauty, with intellect and grace of mind—begins to realize that power of place and personality which ultimately wrecked his life, and choked all

nobler feelings with a deadly growth of lust, vanity, and cruelty. The opening scenes, in which the young emperor first feels the weight of his mother's tutelage and guidance, and ultimately fiercely resents her authority, consenting to her death, are finely rendered. It would take too long to recapitulate the events of that short, eventful life, even as recorded by Mr. Story, who has worked out with good dramatic purpose the gradual degradation of a character that originally had great potentialities of good — the legitimate consciousness of a general aptitude turning into an overweening and grotesque vanity, the fatal admixture of impatience and relentlessness, the young ardent nature sinking into mere sensualism, seeking for new, strange ways to satisfy its lust. There is a fine touch towards the end of the play in the love of Sporus for his master, one of those instances of subjection to a personal charm to which chronicles and portraits give us no clue. The character of Poppæa is also drawn with much skill. She is in no way attractive when we see her first; faithless to her husband, Otho, plausible and calculating in her passion for Nero, a passion that has none of the real reticence of virtue or the *abandon* of the time. Then follows the slow retribution — *la grande fatalité*, as Michelet somewhere calls it — of belonging body and soul to a man whom it is her doom and her moral degradation to love. We soon get to pity rather than to blame her for having usurped by her wiles and beauty the place of the virtuous Octavia; and when she is brutally struck by her husband, just when the hopes of coming motherhood had aroused within her heart something natural and pure in the midst of so much bedizened corruption and vice, we almost wish we could forget that the murder of Agrippinâ still cries aloud for vengeance — that

The god is great against her, she will die.

When critically analyzed "Nero" is not perhaps a thoroughly great work, but it is very good and pleasant reading, and we quote, certainly not against himself, but genuinely re-echoing the feeling of his lines, with a present sense of pleasure received in many ways —

Blest the poet's song,  
The sculptor's art, the painter's living hues,  
That thus can make a transient form, a glance,  
A smile immortal; time and age defy;  
Seize the swift-hurrying thought, and bid it stay  
To be a permanent perpetual joy.

From The Saturday Review.  
PETS.

MAN has been distinguished from brutes as a cooking animal. But he has another characteristic almost equally distinctive. He keeps pets. It is true that sometimes this characteristic is shared by individuals of other races. A horse has been known to become attached to the stable-cat, and to pine in the absence of pussy. So, too, dogs have often allowed a corner of their kennel to some stray animal domesticated about the house, and odd friendships have been cemented between creatures as different as a goat and a jackdaw, or a rabbit and a foxhound. Such brotherhood between tame beasts, all living in a state more or less artificial, is only as natural as the talking of a parrot, the piping of a bullfinch, or the trained labour of a canary taught to work for its living by drawing its water with a bucket and a chain. We never heard of a cat that loved a dear cricket to cheer with friendly chirpings her leisure on the hearth. No puppy has been known to lavish tender caresses on the radiant head of an iridescent bluebottle. The hen whose limited intellect reels before the watery instinct of a brood of ducklings is the victim of parental affection labouring under a base deception. But men pet many creatures besides their offspring, supposititious or other. It is true that a modern naturalist finds in an ants' nest certain well-cared-for beetles, and endeavours in vain to account for such a mysterious fact. Are the beetles scavengers, or are they pets? Or are the ants endued, like men, with superstition, and do they venerate, like the ancient Egyptians, a coleopterous insect? Starlings show a preference for certain sheep. Every crocodile may be supposed to be the favourite of a particular lapwing. But these instances answer rather to the sportsman's predilection for a well-stocked moor, or the fly-fisher's love for a shady pool. No kitten leads about a mouse with blue ribbon round the little victim's neck, as a child caresses the lamb which it may one day devour. The child shows its petting instinct at the earliest age, and loves a woolly rhinoceros as soon as it loves sugar and apples. Long before the baby can speak, as soon as it can open and close its tiny hands, it longs for something soft and warm, and, above all, something moving, which it may grasp and pinch at will. No worsted poodle, however cunningly contrived in the toy country, can compete for a moment with a real puppy. The pleas-

ure of breaking all the legs from off all the quadrupeds in Noah's ark pales into insignificance beside the rapture of pulling pussy's tail, and half blinding a living terrier. The cat and dog endure from the infant the tortures of Damien without complaint, and purr or wag their tail at each fresh infliction as a new manifestation of regard. Vivisection is a trifle compared with some of the unwitting cruelties of the nursery; but the victims seem to understand that their pains are not intended, and it would be well if a like self-sacrificing enthusiasm could be fostered in the scientific laboratory.

That people do keep pets and do misuse them is a plain and unquestionable fact. Why they keep them is another and much more difficult question. Some, it is true, have a dislike to the destruction of animal life. Cardinal Bellarmine would not disturb the fleas which got their livelihood in his famous beard. Others, again, have been driven to love a swallow from the mere loneliness of prison life, and the only reason for doubting the truth of the legend which connects the name of Bruce with a spider is that similar tales have been told of other famous men. The story of a Lady Berkeley who insisted on keeping her merlins to moult in her bed-chamber, and her husband's consequent displeasure, occurs among the annals of the fifteenth century. Little dogs figure on brasses; and the names of "Terri," "Jakke," and "Bo" have come down to us as memorials of pets beloved five hundred years ago. Cowper, besides his hares, petted all kinds of animals, and remonstrated in verse with his spaniel for killing a fledgling. Oldys apostrophized a fly, and Burns a mouse. We think it was Carnot, in the Reign of Terror, that lavished caresses on his dog, while he sent hundreds of human victims to the slaughter. In fact, there are few people come to mature years who at some time of their life have not loved a dear gazelle or other domesticated animal, and been gladdened by its affectionate eye. A taste which is so peculiarly human may be humanizing if properly directed. The child, indeed, will rob a nest to satisfy its longing for a pet. But it is easy to demonstrate the cruelty of interfering with natural laws, and the speedy death of the half-fledged nestling demonstrates clearly enough the futility of the childish aspirations. The sympathies of Bill Sykes, callous as he was, were awakened towards his dog, and even Charon may be supposed occasionally to bestow a friendly pat on one of the heads

of Cerberus. Although it has often been remarked that love of the horse accompanies, if it does not cause, the degradation of many a man, yet it would be hard to ascribe the iniquities of a blackleg to any true love of the animal on which he lays his money. Doubtless the horse of Caligula preferred his oats ungilt, and it is the uncertainty of racing rather than any fault of the racer that attracts rogues to Newmarket and Epsom. A horse would run quite as well, the race would be even more often to the swift, if betting could be abolished. And our prize costermongers and cabmen find kindness to their animals, like honesty, the best policy. The donkey that is starved and beaten seldom favours his driver with more than a spasmodic gallop, while the sleek ass we now occasionally notice in our streets draws more than his own weight of heavy men at a cheerful and willing trot. The principle on which pets are kept is, however, sometimes difficult to find. We were all horrified lately to read of an old lady who starved a houseful of cats, and every Indian traveller tells shocking tales of the cruelty of the Hindoo to the humpbacked cow which he worships as a divinity.

Cruelty to pets is only one aspect of the matter. There are people, especially in towns, whose kindness to their pets is exercised at the expense of their neighbours. So long as they are an amusement to their owners without being a nuisance to the public no one can complain. There are, it is true, crusty people who would like the world better if it contained neither kittens nor babies. But it cannot do real harm to anybody that an old lady should turn rabbits loose in her garden in order to reduce the excessive corpulence of her darling pugs by a little wholesome coursing. It is good for her pets, and does not hurt the rabbits. Nor does it injure the public that twice a year she finds herself under the necessity of posting to the seaside in order to give her favourites the constitutional refreshment of a few walks on the shore. She must post all the way, because it would be impossible to let them enter the cruel den set apart for mere dogs on the railway, and the company will not let her hire a first-class compartment for their use. Even the collier who feeds his bull-pup on beef-steaks and milk, at the cost of half-starving his wife and children, may at least plead that he does not interfere with the comfort or convenience of his neighbours. But it is a little odd that there is no way of restraining him if he would go further. He may, as far as the present state of the

law can control him, cause his dog to be a nuisance and annoyance of the worst kind to all who live within hearing; yet it is apparently impossible to interfere with him. It may be right enough that a man should be free to make the lives of his wife, his children, and his servants as miserable as he pleases, but it does seem strange that he may extend his attention to his neighbours with equal impunity. The general public, and especially that considerable section of it which consists of helpless invalids, have no remedy against a crowing cock or a barking dog. In extreme cases it is possible that a physician may be able for a time to abate such a nuisance as being dangerous to his patient's life; but there seems to be no redress unless in cases of life and death. In London a sufferer from such a complaint as chronic neuralgia may be kept in torture all day by the barking of a dog in the mews behind the house, and may pass a wakeful night owing to the howling of the same animal when chained up. There is no choice but a change of residence, if the invalid cannot bear the noise of cabs and milk-carts at the other side of the house. An appeal to the police magistrate only elicits another and perhaps more dismal tale of suffering. His worship is but human, and he too has had days of illness prolonged into weeks owing to the zoological propensities of his neighbours. He can do nothing for himself, and nothing for the complainant. The law says nothing about such annoyances. It says that "every person who blows a horn or cre-

ates an unusual noise and disturbance in the night-time" is guilty of a nuisance; but it makes no provision for cases in which the noise is produced without the intervention of the horn, and apparently does not forbid even a "noise and disturbance," provided only it be usual. True, a civil action may be brought against the owner of the animal making the noise, if the sufferer has been injured in the pursuit of his lawful calling or occupation; but, as he probably carries on his occupation miles away in the quiet recesses of the city, and is chiefly employed at home in what appears to be the unlawful occupation of resting himself, he has no ground for action. We have some imperfect sort of protection against brass bands and barrel-organs; why not against singing-birds, which might, as in "Charles O'Malley," be interpreted to include fighting cocks? An extreme course alone is open to the sufferer at present. We are not concerned to point it out too plainly. But, short of this desperate and certainly objectionable remedy, there is no way, so far as we can see, of interfering with any development, however disagreeable, of the petting faculty. We may habitually wear cotton-wool in our ears, or, if we like it better, we may leave our house and take another, but it is not clear we have any power at present to prevent our next-door neighbour from confining a pack of hounds in his stable, suspending a row of macaws on his balcony, keeping choruses of cats on his leads, and a laughing hyena in his back kitchen.

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THE Russian correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung* states that letters have reached St. Petersburg from members of the exploring expedition which was recently sent to the Attrek territory by the imperial government. They had advanced to Krasnowodsk, in Tschikishlau, without misadventure, and after a week's rest had proceeded along the Attrek to Schot, where it was proposed to take in new supplies. It was expected that the expedition would reach the mouth of the Attrek on their homeward passage about the end of last or the beginning of the present month. In General Lomakin's official report of the expedition, which came to St. Petersburg at the same time, it was announced that, although hitherto the Turkomans had everywhere shown themselves friendly towards the Russians, there

was reason to know that the Afghans were endeavouring to incite them to rise against the strangers and prevent their further advance. The Turkomans had on several occasions given information in regard to these attempts, which had enabled the general to seize two of the Afghan emissaries, who had been executed as spies. The Attrek expedition is regarded by the Russian government as especially important, from the information which it is anticipated it may supply in regard to the various degrees of practicability of the different routes leading to Merv, which is interesting as a central point of junction for many lines of way opening upon districts in which the British as well as the Russians are interested.